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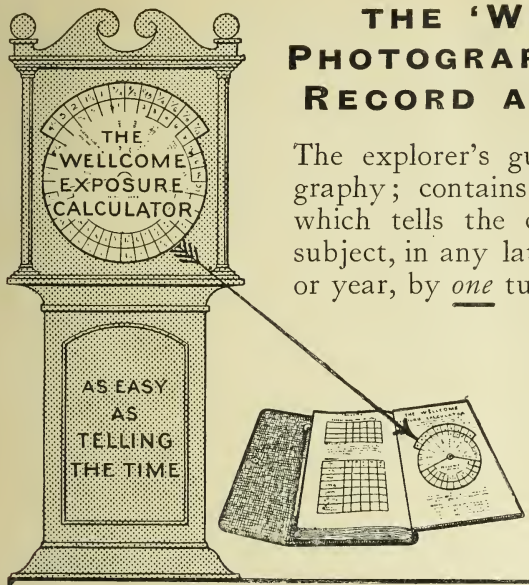

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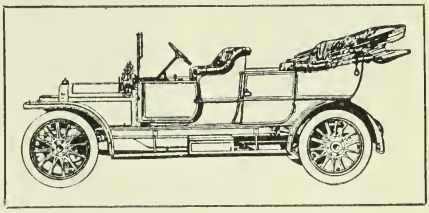

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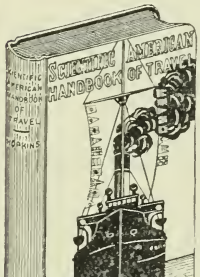

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Across Epirus.*

By JEROME FARRELL.

The journey from Thessaly over the Zygó pass to Yánnina, and so to Corfu, may be accomplished in four travelling days by what Herodotus would call the "well-girt" man. The starting place, Kalabáka, the rail-head of the Thessalian line, lies in the north-west corner of the Thessalian Plain where it has already begun to contract into the narrower upper valley of the Salamvría, the ancient Peneius, which affords an easy gateway to the mountain fastnesses of Pindus. The Metéora monasteries which "grow on stalks," fringing the rugged hills which rise to the north-east of Kalabáka, are too well known to need description here. As perhaps the most sensational natural spectacle in Greece, they attract every year a certain number of European travellers, and so, though many of these spend the night either at Tríkala, or at one of the monasteries, the accommodation at Kalabáka is better than is usual in Greek villages of this size.

The longest stage that can be made on the first day is to Métzovo,

* Most of the photographs accompanying this article were taken by my companion Mr. Francis Le Breton of the Royal Military Academy.

on the Turkish side of the pass. For us, in April of last year, so strenuous a ride was not practicable owing to the state and depth of the snow, and accordingly we made a comparatively late start from Kalabáka. Leaving the village at about seven in the morning, we descended into and crossed the stony bed of the Salamvría, which here, and for some miles above, is very broad. Though the stream is split up into several branches, the fords are deep and a little difficult, so that, except in summer, when the water is low, it is not advisable to start before dawn. From the crossing the path continues along the right bank past a khan or two, across two swiftly-running tributaries, and then again fords the main stream. Here our pack-horse fell into a hole, and was all but swept away, and we only got out on to the left bank after much floundering.

At the halfway there is a guard-station of *évzoni*. A year or two ago the frontier had a bad reputation for petty brigandage, the work, of course, of Turkish subjects, for, whatever may have been the nationality of Hadji-Stavros, since the Delíssi murders it has been an article of faith with patriotic Greeks that all *klephts** come from the wrong side of the border. At the present day, however, the way appears to be quite safe, whether owing to the efforts of the Turkish Government since the Constitution or of the *évzoni*, finely-built men, but here, as a rule, mere striplings in age, like the Athenian *ephebes*, who did their first military service in the frontier forts of Cithaeron.

Some time after leaving the guard-station we overtook a large party of Vlachs, men, women and children, with herds of sheep and goats, returning to their village, a reputed home of thieves, across the border. Passing these, and crossing a tributary of the Salamvría by a still-standing bridge, we ascended to Malakássi, after a ride of nine hours through scenery which is as fine as anything in Greece. It may be more beautiful in the fall of the year, when the rugged heights are bare and the valley "clad in autumn's gaudy liveries," but when spring has softened the grandeur of snowy Pindus and the swift and splendid river by the budding foliage on its banks and slopes, I know of nothing in these parts that is comparable, except the familiar reaches of the Alpheius between Olympia and the Arcadian highlands.

When we arrived at Malakássi there remained still some hours of daylight, but the further khan of Saïd Pashá was said to be closed, and though we rightly suspected a lie, we decided to remain where we were for the night, sleeping upon the floor of a *kaphpheneion* near the entrance to the village.

* The modern brigand would be more correctly described as a footpad.

The Mosque in the Fort of Yannina, and Tomb of Ali Pasha.

An English Mortar on the wall of the Fort at Yannina.

Travellers who consider their comfort should obtain introductions for Malakássi or Métzovo.

Next morning we left at 6.30 with our old guide, an escort of three *évzoni*, imposed by the local police, and two Vlach porters. A short descent into the valley and a longer ascent brought us to the khan of Saïd Pashá, which lies a little above the Greek frontier station, and was then just below the snow line. Here it was necessary to leave the horses, as it would have cost much time and trouble to get them over the pass. The last party of Europeans*, which included two ladies and went over almost exactly a year earlier, had managed to take their horses with them, but at the expense of making a day's journey of the short stage between Malakássi and Métzovo. However, the decision to take porters was justified by the state of the snow and of the path below the Turkish guard-house. We reached this place in about three-quarters of an hour from Saïd Pashá, accompanied only by our porters and the *khanjí*, who had after all been at home, and came along with a carbine on his own initiative.

A sentry stood in the snow above the station, but did not challenge, and at our approach about a dozen ragged men, under a sleepy sergeant, turned out, and, unable to grapple with the situation, regarded us in silence for some time, till on the production of a *tsekeréh*, word was passed round for the *khojáh*, a private soldier who had an undeserved reputation for letters. While he struggled with the written word, we took stock of the station and its little garrison, which created an impression of unsoldierly dirtiness and ill-discipline. The men were neither alert nor smart, and that in a way extending beyond the habitual slovenliness of Turkish uniform and equipment. Of course they were better than they looked, for no one would deny the military virtues of the Turk, least of all at a moment such as that, when Mahmud Shefket Pashá was just accomplishing his very efficient concentration upon Constantinople. Nevertheless, *ceteris paribus*, the smart soldier is the better, and, if appearances are worth anything, these men were demoralised in a military sense by the loneliness of their station in the snows.

Three men took up their rifles to escort us down to Métzovo. Two wore their trousers turned up above the knee on account of the snow, and the third had cut his to the length of rowing shorts, wearing beneath the ordinary white hose of Epirus. After a rapid descent of about an hour we came to the outskirts of the town, and had to reach the fort

* Attached one to the British, the other to the American, School of Archæology in Athens.

by a tedious climb through the Prosílio, the larger of the two *makhaláhs* into which the place is divided. The Vlach population, including an old and highly civilized gentleman, who wished to rub up his American, showed the greatest interest in us, but it was some time before we could find anyone who was authorised or disposed to commence the despatch of the usual formalities. At last we got off to the khan and while, the *kaimakám* being away, I went off to call on his *vakíl*, my companion began a lunch which, unfortunately, I never got an opportunity of sharing. For though the *vakíl* and his coffee were quickly despatched, there was immense trouble about horses. The *khanjí*, a Christian, was as well-fed as a Syrian usurer, and constitutionally deliberate in taking any measures to help on their way travellers, who might be further bled, than by payment for coffee and some eggs. First, there were no horses ; well, we would walk. Horses might perhaps be found, but the river was too deep. We would go by the *ákres*, the upper path along the heights. In that case it was impossible to reach Yánnina that night. We preferred to sleep at a khan on the way.

The Three Khans were destroyed, said the *khanjí*. Here at least he was right. We had never heard of the place, though it is marked on the Austrian map, and we subsequently found that it had ceased to be occupied at least sixty years ago, and how long before that I do not know, though Leake slept there in August of 1805. However, we had been thinking of the more distant khan of Baldúma, which an Epirote monk at Metéoro had recommended. Baldúma was almost the last card, and the *khanjí*, though visibly weakening, declared even that too far to reach before dark. As, however, we were prepared to camp out rather than stay in Métzovo, he suddenly yielded, and the horses were brought out, only to give rise to another delay when we were already in, or rather on, the saddle. The *khanjí* wanted payment in advance, because apparently he could not trust his *kirají*. We, on the other hand, wanted *kapáro* (earnest money), and the difficulty was finally solved by a mutual waiving of claims, while the *kirají*, taken aside, was bound by many oaths and a finger drawn across the throat. At last we got away, and were, under the circumstances, justifiably pleased that the delay had been so short as two hours. We were still more satisfied because the state of the country, or the neglect of the *vakíl*, had spared us the embarrassment of an escort.

From Métzovo a very rugged path descends into the valley, crosses a bridge to the left bank, and recrosses the river by a ford near the site

Mount Pindus and the Valley of the Pencios.

The Town, Fort and Lake of Yannina.

of the Three Khans. The river bed forms the usual road, and involves an immense number of fords between Métzovo and Yánnina, but now this was as impracticable as the *khanjí* had represented it. Accordingly, we followed the *ákres*, a little distance above the river, and after some time, finding the horses slow, we left them to the *kirají* and pushed on alone on foot. The grandeur of the gorge was now enhanced by a thunderstorm, followed by torrents of rain, which made the idea of bivouacking unpleasant. Just as the downpour was ceasing, the path petered out entirely on a steep shale slope that fell direct to the water's edge. After crossing this "scree" with some trouble—the animals, I believe, had to take to the river, in spite of its depth—we found the path again, but coming to a divide waited for the *kirají*, and then rode to the high spit of land which divides the main stream from the Zagóri branch, and affords a fine view of both. In this, near the confluence, there still stands the piers of "The Lady's Bridge," across which once ran the main road or path from Yánnina by Métzovo and Grevená to Constantinople. For official purposes it has been replaced by the steamboat and the electric telegraph, so that the bridge once fallen has not been repaired. Apart, however, from its bridges and a few stretches, such as that over the Drísko ridge, I doubt if the road was ever in a much better state than it is to-day, although a century ago Leake was told that a letter had been brought from Constantinople to Yánnina in four and a-half days, not by relays, but by a single man! There is a ferry near the bridge, and the *kirají*, anxious to do the ferryman a good turn, urged that we should use it. Certainly the river looked swift and deep, as well as broad, but from the ridge above we had observed and noted the spot where what appeared to be a white horse was wandering about near the middle of the stream. When, on approaching the bank, we found the animal to be a pig, we were emboldened to reject the doubtless exorbitant ferry and push across the ford, from which in a few minutes we came in the falling darkness to the khan of Baldúma. The time from Métzovo had been just under seven hours.

The "galleried khan" mentioned by Lear as existing at Baldúma in 1849 has entirely disappeared, and the only building now standing is a one low-storied hut, which supplies bread and wine, and a floor to sleep upon. The sole utensils were a pan, a tin platter, a wooden and a metal spoon. We had none with us, nor much food, for our baggage had been cut down to facilitate porterage on the Zygo. Nevertheless, with soup tablets and bread we effected a brief satiety, and handed over

the spoons and tins to the muleteer and *khanjí*, who were waiting for their bread and milk. After the meal the *kirají* retired to sleep with the animals behind a partition, and as soon as the fire had been damped down with clay we lay down, separated by it from the *khanjí* and a boy, but not from the more wakeful inhabitants of the hut.

Starting before dawn next morning, we passed over the ridge of Drísko, which separates the Métzovo River from the lake of Yánnina, and so forces the stream down to the Gulf of Arta. Nowadays, instead of passing round the eastern end of the lake, it is more usual to strike off to the right and descend to the *poros*, or ferry, where a waterway, cut through the reeds and shallows, leads out into the lake. Here, after a short halt, we embarked in a boat that might have been built of barrel staves, and reached Yánnina after a passage of over an hour, in five hours from the khan of Baldúma.

Though the coast districts of Epirus more or less opposite Corfu are well enough known to Englishmen, who go there for purposes of sport, comparatively few travellers ever penetrate to the capital. Yet the lake with its mountain girdle and the jutting rock and castle of Yánnina itself, are not to be compared with anything else in this part of the world. Unfortunately for the human interest, the population here and in much of the immediate environs is predominantly Greek, so that the streets of Yánnina do not present the rich and picturesque variety of costume afforded by Scutari, the sister capital of Albania. The historical associations of Yánnina centre, of course, almost entirely round the repulsive figure of Ali Pasha. The scene of his murder, or, rather, extempore execution, is to be seen on the island in the lake, and his body rests with many others under the iron cage near the mosque of the citadel. His head, however, and those of his exiled sons were exposed at the Serai, and are buried just outside the Silivri gate of Stamboul. The villainous, but, at a great distance, picturesque *rôle* played by the Lion of Yánnina inspired Dumas to one of his most remarkable flights of historical fancy, for it was Ali who sat for the portrait of the venerable and persecuted Pasha in the *Count of Monte Cristo.*

We were very cordially received at Yánnina by the Italian Consul-General, who is also our own Consular Agent, and by the various Turkish authorities. These were quietly awaiting news of the final operations of the Salonika and Adrianople army corps, and scarcely hid their knowledge that Abdul Hamid's deposition was a matter of only a few days' delay! The town itself was perfectly calm. A recent mutiny

among the Albanian soldiers of which we heard some account from an officer (whose energy, I believe, was chiefly responsible for the utter collapse of the movement) had left no traces, except in the trees and walls about the barrack-square. Such fighting as there was took place at very short range, and no cover was secure, for the bullets not only pierced thick trunks, but found their way right through walls of stucco and rough stone.

The attitude of the more educated Greek population to the abortive counter-revolution seemed to be one of vexed resignation. The enthusiasm with which the Anatolian and Macedonian Greeks met the beginning of the Young Turkish movement was never, I believe, genuinely felt in Epirus. Most really intelligent Greeks in other parts of the Empire have ceased long ago to expect anything good to come out of Athens, and look for salvation to a new Byzantium, a Hellenised Stamboul, but Epirus gravitates round the nearer sun. Greek education may have an emasculating effect, but Greek political propaganda fosters a secret, if impotent, disloyalty, so that the "Hellenes" of Epirus look to obtain, by the favour of the Powers and the embarrassments of the Porte, what Albanians try to take by arms. Hence efficiency at Constantinople is the last thing that is desired, however adverse its want may be to the interests of the Anatolian brethren.

The most obvious result of the Constitution was a certain amount of mushroom journalism. Several new papers had sprung up, although the Athenian dailies were freely admitted and were now coming in adorned with photographs of the Sultan presumptive. Two days after our arrival slips of paper were hawked about the streets containing a translation into Greek of Mahmud Shefket's telegram to the provincial governments describing the complete and final success of the attack on Constantinople. One enterprising editor sought to interview us in the streets, and frankly refused to believe that we were mere travellers.

We stayed several days at Yánnina in the one tolerable Greek hotel, if it can be so called, and were delayed beyond the intended day of departure by the difficulty of finding animals for the coast. Hellenism and horses suffer everywhere from an incompatibility of temper, but at Yánnina even mules were not forthcoming. After a day's fruitless search, we finally made a *symphonía* with a Greek *kirají*, but after leaving us to obtain *kapáro* from his father, he returned late at night to the hotel and left a message to say that parental affection forbade him to undertake so dangerous a journey. Next day we commissioned a stray Albanian to find animals, and though he was successful, a very short examination

showed that they were quite incapable of accomplishing the journey to Sayáda at the speed which was now necessary. Accordingly, throwing over the Greek *khanjí*, the Albanian, and their various impracticable protegés, we appealed to the kindness of our Turkish friends in the garrison with success that was the more immediate because a caravan had just come in from Philiátes. An agreement was made on our behalf, and the *kirají* sent round to the hotel, where he made no mention of the bargain already concluded without our knowledge, and stipulated for a much higher sum, to which we refused to agree, though offering more than had been promised by the Turkish officer. Eventually the *kirají* gave *kapáro*, which we too easily took as meaning acceptance of our terms. This caused a good deal of trouble at Sayáda, and the incident may be worth relating as showing the difficulty of dealing with these people. We paid the *kirají* the amount we had offered, although under the circumstances I consider that we were bound only by the first agreement made on our behalf. The man, however, stuck out for his own price, but in the end was forced to shake hands publicly and declare himself satisfied, whatever his internal feelings may have been. The course which we took seems to me the best possible, since it stigmatized to some extent the fraud committed by the *kirají* and, at the same time, gave him no excuse for reproaching us with a breach of the *symphonía*.*

There is a great variety of routes from Yánnina to the coast. The roads to Santi Quaranta and Prévesa and also, I believe, that to Parga are carriageable. There is a steam communication between all these places and Corfu, but to avoid delay we preferred the scala which is in the shortest sailing distance. Sayáda is exactly opposite the town of Corfu, and seventeen travelling hours from Yánnina by a bridle path, which makes a considerable détour to the northwards. Accordingly, by making a very early start, we were certain of reaching Corfu on the afternoon of the second day, even if there should be no wind for the passage.

After receiving farewell visits in our hotel up to a late hour, we snatched two hours' sleep before starting at about three o'clock in the morning. At first in the darkness we passed the long lines of ghostly pack-caravans silently flitting into Yánnina, but once well out into the country we stumbled along the stony waste in a solitude and stillness broken only at

* According to his own account the Kirají was a Christian Albanian, but hasty generalisations cannot be drawn from isolated instances of this kind, least of all in a part of Albania so subject to external influences. Nevertheless, leaving Albania apart, most travellers in Anatolia and European Turkey will agree that fewer difficulties will arise if Mahomedans only are employed.

long intervals by the savage sheep dogs and the shots fired at them by our escort and the *kirají*. We breakfasted at about half-past six in the khan at Veltsísta, and after a short halt, pushed on in an hour and a-half to the confluence between the Yánnina River and the Kalamás, which we here forded to the right bank, and followed for some considerable time. The path occasionally admitted of a canter, and in two hours from the crossing we reached the khan of Kuchí near the river. After two hours halt and an hour and a-half fairly rapid travelling, we came to an important tributary of the Kalamás, and here met some *zaptiyeh*, who had been sent out from Philiátes to meet us. Accordingly, we dismissed the two *sowars* (mounted *zaptiyeh*) who had hitherto escorted us, and crossing the river (the Longovítsa) and one or two minor streams running to the Kalamás, now well away to the left, struck into a piece of extremely rugged country. A little before five o'clock we reached a closed khan, and thence followed the widening valley for about six miles, leaving it only to mount the ridge upon which Philiátes stands. We arrived at seven o'clock, after a journey of something like forty-five miles, and were hospitably received by the Memúr of the Ottoman Regie. With him was an aged relative who had just arrived from Constantinople, and had been waiting some days till a party of Greeks could be made up strong enough to venture the journey to Yánnina. Our host's hospitality would not allow us to eat an egg and go to bed, but prepared a colossal meal and kept us alive in the interval with relays of coffee and liqueurs. At last, some time after eleven, we got to bed, and rose again, somewhat mangled, at half-past four. Saying good-bye to our kind hosts we left the village, and soon came in sight of the sea, descending to Sayáda in three hours from Philiátes. It was nearly two hours more before a *caique* could be found. The *tramontana* (northerly wind) prophesied at Sayáda failed, and there was not a breath of air throughout the day, so that the crew of a man and a boy were compelled to row the lumbering half-decked craft for seven hours and a-half across the fifteen or sixteen miles of sea that here separate Corfu from the mainland. We landed before six o'clock, and so to the St. George Hotel, dinner, and *petits-chevaux* at the Casino, and bed.

NOTE.—The best travelling map of Albania is that published by the Austrian Staff (1 : 200,000). The only detailed and recent description known to me of the road from the Zygó to Yánnina is in the Ὁδοιπορικὸν Μεσημβρινῆς Ἠπείρου (Part I., route 1) by Nikólaos Skhinás (a Greek engineer officer), published by the Athenian War Office in 1897. The Græco-Turkish war of that year appears to have prevented the completion of the work.

The Meres of Sylhet.

By "ZAKPHO."

Far be it from me to attempt an historical account of the travel of our own forefathers, still less to discourse of the journeyings of bygone generations in other lands. The subject has its importance and its interest—in competent hands. Mine is a much humbler endeavour, being merely to point out that old-world travel is still possible, that the roads are still open to the pedestrian, that ships—real ships with masts and rigging—have not been wholly hustled off the seas by steam-propelled hotels; that we need not be the willing slaves of railroads and motor-cars. And since a man had best write, if he must needs be writing at all, of what he knows best; let me say that though you can travel almost anywhere by rail or steamer in India, the old methods of journeying survive almost unimpaired in most parts, and especially in the parts I know best. To see India is not to rush from one great city to another by express trains. That is to get a rough, if vivid, experience of the physical features of the country, and to pick up some knowledge of the sort of people who travel by railway or steamer. It is to get a crude understanding of Europeanised India—of the points where East touches West. But there is an India which is still mediæval, and, beyond that, there survives an India (and not so far from Calcutta or Bombay), which perpetuates the tradition of the earliest and most primitive social experiments of humanity. Some travellers may think that these remarkable survivals are worth seeing and knowing, and they can only be seen and known by those who will resort to the local ways of getting about. In the part of India I know best, it is by boat that one travels mostly, and what more leisurely and satisfactory way is there of seeing and being seen, of knowing and being known? Why does the traveller in India so rarely use this means of locomotion? Why is he always in such a tremendous hurry? Why does he always wish to see (and write about) the whole of the continent of India? What should we think of a traveller who should fly from London to Paris, from Paris to Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and so on, and then gravely write of his experiences in Europe after a couple of months of such hasty and blurred impressions? Would there not be more pleasure and profit in spending a cold weather in a single province, or, better still, in a single district? The sportsman, no doubt, does so establish himself, armed with introductions, in order

to slay big and little game. But I am not thinking of him. I am thinking of the true traveller, who has in him something of the explorer also, who enjoys travel in itself, who likes being among strange scenes and strange people, who can find a healthy relish in unfamiliar food, can feel interested, without being a professed naturalist, in new birds and beasts and plants, who, without being a linguist, feels a mild excitement in the sound of strange tongues. There must be many such among the readers of TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION. Why do they not travel—as the district officer travels in Eastern Bengal ?

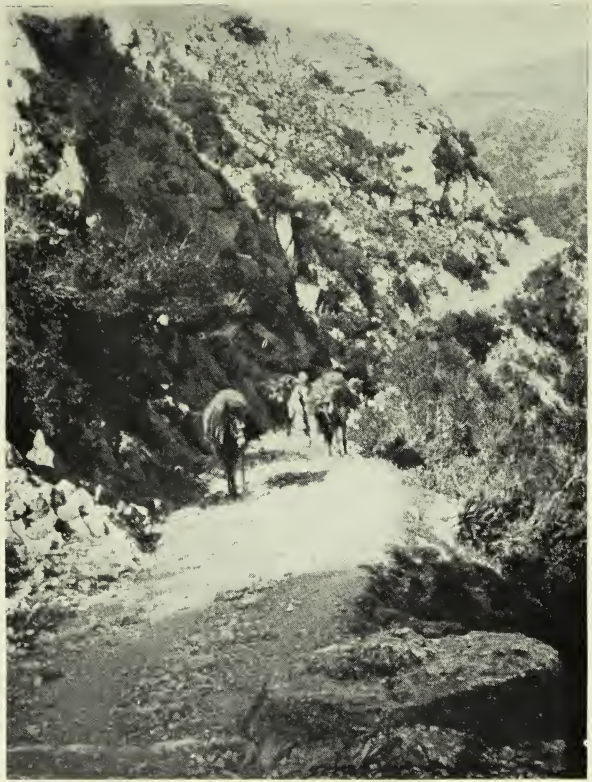
And there my secret is out. I am too old to travel for pleasure now, but I was once a district officer in Eastern Bengal, before railways had penetrated to that out-of-the-way corner of India. I was perpetually travelling, and all the Europeans I knew were perpetually travelling. Our journeyings were official, we carried our work and our official cares with us, but what a delightful change it was from mere office work ! Sometimes we rode our own, or borrowed, horses. More often, and especially in the rainy months, when the whole country was under water we used boats, either the great *kos* boats or *budgerows* which were as the *dahabiyas* of the Nile for comfort, or else one or other of the innumerable varieties of local craft, if we were in a hurry. The result was that we saw all manner of queer and interesting places that may be found on large scale maps, indeed, but have never been described in books. We were not merely travellers but explorers, since we went to places of which we had never heard before. Let me try to describe one or two of these queer out-of-the-way places.

Take, for instance, the great tea-planting district of Sylhet. You may read a good deal about it, if you will, in Sir William Hunter's charming little book, " The Thackerays in India." The grandfather of the novelist was the first " chief " (as they then called it), the first magistrate, of Sylhet. He was succeeded in 1778 by a man even more remarkable and interesting, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, a son of the Earl of Balcarres, whose adventures, as recorded in his sister's " The Lives of the Lindsays," are still well worth reading. Those were the days when the pagoda-tree could still be shaken with profit. " My pay as Resident," wrote Robert Lindsay, " did not exceed £500 per annum, so that fortune could only be acquired by my own industry." He embarked in all manner of businesses, elephant-hunting, lime-quarrying, even ship-building. " I understand, my dear Robert," wrote his mother, " that you are a great shipbuilder and your talents in this line I do not dispute. But I have

one favour to ask of you, which is that you will not come home in one of your own building!" "I implicitly followed her advice," adds the sagacious Robert.

The district of Sylhet consists partly of low-lying jungle-clad hills, on which the now famous and prosperous tea-gardens have been planted, partly of enormous *hahars* or fens, completely flooded in the autumn, the fens in which Lindsay built his ships. The tea-gardens are like such plantations everywhere, and need no description. But the fen country is seen by few Europeans and is, to my thinking, one of the most interesting tracts in the world. It enables us to realise what the fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire must have been in the Middle Ages, when boat travel was the only means of commerce, when Cambridge was a flourishing port, and Stourbridge Fair was one of the most important seats of trade in Northern Europe. The meres and rivers of this flooded tract are enlivened by, surely, the greatest variety of craft devised by the ingenuity of man. The late Sir Richard Temple once, some thirty-four years ago, directed a certain procrastinating young civilian, justly unknown to fame, to write an account of the innumerable varieties of sailing and fishing boats of this region. The task was delayed—there was some excuse in the multitude of material—Sir Richard was called away to higher responsibilities than the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, and his successor put that young civilian to tasks less agreeable but, no doubt, more immediately necessary. Why does not some amateur traveller, armed with kodak and sketchbook, describe the flooded fens of Sylhet? Books have been written—and read—about regions more interesting only because they are not in British territory.

It was my duty to go about these flooded fens in a boat, and I have the pleasantest memories of my leisurely travels. The villages are built on artificially raised and strengthened islands. All round the circumference of each island are the cowsheds, where the cattle munch the rich marsh grass which their owners go out to cut in little boats. In the interior of the little islands are the human habitations, packed closely together, with barely the semblance of a village street. Round them, in shoal water, is grown some of the finest rice in the world. It is sown before the floods begin, and grows with the rising water. It is not uncommon to see stems of rice ten or twelve feet in length. As for the milk of the stall-fed cattle, it is richer far than Indian milk usually is, and from it are made the well-known Dacca cheeses, which, before steamers made American and French cheese cheap even in the tropics,



The Road to Philiates.

On the way to Philiates.

were a common Anglo-Indian dainty. In the peculiar circumstances of their lives, it need hardly be said that the people are practically amphibious, so that babies are taught to swim almost before they can walk. One of the few amusements open to such people is canoe racing; they race with paddles, not oars, in long dug-out canoes, some of which carry from twenty to thirty eager paddlers. At the stern sits the steersman, who encourages his crew with vociferous shouts and at the same time manages to keep a *hookah* (a water-pipe) alight. On one occasion, sailing in a small house-boat with a strong following wind, I ran into one of these racing canoes returning in leisurely fashion from a race meeting. The occupants were all spilt in the water, but "thought but little of it," like the captain in Thackeray's "White Squall." Indeed, the steersman managed to keep his pipe alight as he trod water! No one was a bit the worse for the accident, which was treated with the utmost good humour by those most concerned.

Right in the very heart of the Sylhet meres is the remarkable village, or rather town, of Baniyachang. Sir Richard Temple, an artist and traveller as well as administrator, was want to speak of Dacca as "the Venice of the East." But the true eastern Venice—and perhaps the only real counterpart of the city of canals and lagoons—is Baniyachang. A Venice with a difference, to be sure, since for eight months in the year the canals dry up and become common-place mud-roads like those of any other Bengali village. In the rains, however, you may sail your boat through the streets of this ancient frontier-town of Muslim rule. It is some two miles long from north to south, and half-a-mile broad from east to west, a perfect parallelogram, evidently artificially constructed by heaping up the earth dug out of the magnificent shining tanks with which the town abounds. In Mahomedan days it must have been a place of some wealth and importance. It still contains mouldering mosques and hammams, crumbling relics of an age whose quiet leisure and dignity have not wholly disappeared, though this queer town of the fens has lost its administrative and commercial importance. The district is now traversed by the Assam-Bengal Railway, but the line runs far to the south among the low hills that edge the great meres, where Robert Lindsay built his boats.

Some ten miles or so south of Baniyachang is another interesting island, that of Srimangal, or Bithalang, occupied, this time, not by a village, but by a huge Vishnuvite monastery, consisting of a long series of white-washed quadrangles, which in size, if not in architecture, would do credit

to an Oxford college. When I landed there from my boat, many years ago, I was refused admission unless I took off my boots. I pointed out respectfully that our European way of showing deference was by removing not footgear but headgear. The monks at the gate had doubts, but offered to refer them to the Superior. It happened, fortunately for me, that the treasurer of the monastery had, some time before, sacrilegiously robbed the idol in the monastery temple of all its ornaments. The police succeded in arresting the robber, with all his spoil, and I had the satisfaction of sending him to well-deserved imprisonment. The ornaments, tiny bracelets, anklets, necklaces, &c., of pure gold set with barbaric stones, were duly restored to the divinity whose property they were, and the Mohant was duly, and indeed excessively, grateful. Hence I was permitted to walk booted through the stately courts, catching glimpses here and there, of miles of sunlit mere. The monastery was surrounded (it was the day of some Hindu festival) with crowded fleets of moored boats, almost entirely occupied by excited crowds of gentle little white-clad Hindu women. This was not merely because Hindu women, like the women all the world over, are the pious sex, but because it is believed that a visit to Bithalang assures them that they will be as ladies, who love their lords, would wish to be. Probably the excitement of the pilgrimage was much enhanced by the presence of a white magistrate, who rarely has the privilege of seeing, or of being seen by, the ladies of the country. This is not the place to explain how important, how salutary an influence the worship of the mild Vishnu or Krishna has been in Eastern India, where the more truly indigenous cult of Kali and her terrible husband Siva was, in old days, celebrated by human sacrifices and other superstitious horrors best, perhaps, forgotten. The worship of Krishna, on the other hand, is like a living echo of what we read in our own classics, a joyous and not too serious personification of the natural forces about us, forces much more present to the consciousness of people, who spend most of their time in the open air, than to us dwellers in cities.

In the rainy season you may sail some hundred miles or so from the extreme south-west corner of Sylhet, right to the very foot of the towering Khasia mountains on the north. These rise in a sheer cliff to a height of about four thousand feet, and are the cause of the phenomenal rainfall of Cherrapoonjee, the rainiest spot in the world. The south-west monsoon, laden with moisture from the Bay of Bengal, streams across the meres of Sylhet, and impinges on the great cliff just mentioned, which

[Photo from "Hausaland to Egypt."

Musgun Village—The Best built Native Huts in Africa.

throws the current upwards into the cool air of the plateau above, where it condenses and falls in torrents which yield something like twenty *yards* of rain in a year. The gorges round Cherrapoonjee are among the most beautiful valleys in the world. Down their sides fall numerous waterfalls. At the foot of the hills, the path up to Cherrapoonjee winds under magnificent groves of orange trees, the famous Sylhet oranges, whose fruit are one of the luxuries of the Calcutta winter. Here, too, are the lime-quarries which helped Robert Lindsay to make the fortune which is denied to those who have to restrict themselves to an official salary. Much of Dacca and Calcutta was constructed with Sylhet lime, and to this day the quarries are worked at a profit.

The town of Sylhet contains the tomb and mosque of a famous Mussulman saint, famous, at least, in his own country, for authentic history has but little to say of him. He is the subject of many local legends, one of which is interesting, if only because it closely resembles the tale which the novelist grandson of the first chief of Sylhet made into "The Great Cossack Epic." The saint, Shah Jalal by name, accompanied the Mahomedan armies into Sylhet. When they reached the southern bank of the wide and rapid river, Surma, on the northern bank of which the capital of the district stands, they had no boats to ferry them across. It happened on the Surma as it happened, perhaps about the same time, on the Dnieper :—

> "Suddenly his most miraculous cloak
> Over the billowy waters itself extends," &c.

In short the saint's cloak ferried the Mahomedan army to the shore, where, amid beautifully wooded hills, stands the mosque now dedicated to his memory and haunted by sacred blue-rock pigeons, to shoot one of which is to go the best way to provoke a dangerous riot. It is curious that Thackeray should have versified a legend which so vividly recalls a tale that must have been familiar to his grandfather, the elephant-hunter.

The traveller by "country-boat" has a placid and not very adventurous existence. But he gets rest and perpetual change of scene, and soon learns to take a keen interest in his boatmen and other companions of travel. The vast shining meres of Sylhet, too, have a fascination which will easily be understood by those who have sailed over the broads of Norfolk. In Sylhet the "broads" are broader, and are flooded with tropical sunlight. The brown-roofed villages are buried in rich groves of mangoe and bamboo, and on the northern horizon are,

what our own broads lack, the blue masses of the Khasia mountains. Perhaps, it all seems pleasanter in retrospect than it was in reality, as is apt to be the case with memories of scenes we shall never re-visit. But I have often thought that it is a pity that travellers in India restrict themselves to winter and to beaten tracks and common-place means of travel. In Upper India the summer and autumn are too hot for travellers for pleasure. But in Eastern India "the rains" are cool and healthy for travellers who will make the necessary concessions to climate in food and clothing. I have vivid memories of such placid evenings, such splendid sunsets on the broad shining meres as I have never seen elsewhere. In a large "budgerow," you can take with you every comfort that a reasonable man—or woman—can desire, and the attendant cookboat will serve you meals which (if you pay your cook reasonable wages) should satisfy a traveller's appetite. One drawback, there is a difficulty in securing sufficient exercise. For my own part, I was in the habit of stripping and jumping overboard, morning and evening, for a swim. There is practically no current, and the cool water is an excellent tonic in a relaxing climate.

Perhaps I have strayed somewhat far from my real topic, which is briefly the suggestion that, in these days of rapid travel, someone should form a Society for Old World Travel. We are not all bound to go flying in aeroplanes or hurtling along roads in offensive clouds of dust, devouring space in aimless and reckless haste. Above all, there are quiet corners of the world, in the West as well as in the East, which are practically unexplored, though they are much more accessible than the regions about which travel-books are written. I do not say that such tracts can be written about—perhaps I have furnished a proof to the contrary! But a man may still travel in them for his own pleasure, and lay by a goodly store of happy and healthy memories.

Motoring in the Philippines.

By WAYLAND W. MAGEE.

"They are long, low, and red, and have been ranging around town for the last few days." I overheard that on the trolley while going to the cock-pit in the suburbs of Manila. The stranger went on to say that "the Government was going to use them for a stage line on the Benguet road, which was twenty-three miles long, one team wide and plastered on the side of the mountains." My interest was excited, for the night before I had arrived under the sheltering walls of old Manila and was hot in quest of any kind of a job. A Yankee youth on a world trip, finding my money gone in Japan, and thinking that there must be work somewhere in those three thousand islands, I had drifted down from Hong-Kong and taken quarters in one of the hotels. The first morning I was awakened by the sunlight streaming in, and found a barefoot servant going over the beautifully polished hardwood floor with an oily smelling mop. At the same time I heard the old familiar "chug, chug" of a steam automobile as it went by in the street. The smell and the sound showed me my chance, and, moreover, the morning paper stated that the Bureau of Posts had just received seven steam automobiles, but had no men to drive them.

The curtain rose on my experience as auto-driver when, shortly after, I dropped from the car and entered the low post office building to inquire for the man who had charge of the new machines. Guided through a half-acre of busy clerks, to where the doors of an inner office were swung open, I found myself in a spacious room before a large man, working in his shirt sleeves at a flat-topped desk. He did not look up. In answer to his question I explained that I was busted and wanted a job. With eyes still on the matter before him, he asked what I could do. When I told him I could drive a motor-car he eyed me for the first time. Without a word he pressed a bell which brought a servant bearing a light coat and broad white tope. I was booked for a try-out. He directed me to a side door which led into the street where we found a big car with steam up. The native caretaker swung into the rear seat as I took the big wheel and my examiner climbed up beside me. He spoke only once in the first ten miles, and that was to instruct me that "in the Philippines one turns to the left." We took the road past Fort McKinley and crossed the Pasig River out on to the broad, flat plain which lies

between Manila and the mountains. Our way led through several villages with their picturesque old churches showing the marks of the insurrection, but for the most part lay through the brown paddy fields which came close up on either side. I drove slowly on the trip out, for my mind was occupied with the improvements and the feel of the long car. We headed straight toward the mountains, turning back to Manila only after following the road as far as Montaba, where the new dam for the city water supply was being built.

The return trip was a faster one, for, thinking my big friend wanted something of a thriller, I let her out and flew through towns, endangering the lives of many small animals that got in our way. My friend grew more talkative as we sped along till we drew up in front of the post office, after the fifty mile run, when he gave me instructions to report at the shops at an unearthly hour the next morning.

In the shops I found the machines. They were rigged with the same type of boiler and engine that had done service with the record two miles under a minute at Ormond Beach. Hill climbers by nature, they are called mountain wagons, and are rigged with a wagon box with three seats. Designed for stage work at home they had been chosen as the car for this line. The gasoline and water tanks are under the front hood. The engine is swung below the floor on the rear axle in a copper jacket. Made in England, they were the first friends I had seen for a long time, and it was a pleasure to find them so far from home. I met my boss who had come out with the cars. He told me terrible stories of the dangers of the road, and for the next week kept me busy making big friction brakes to use on the down trips. In grease to the elbows, I drove hordes of Filipino mechanics, by the use of seven languages, till finally the work on one of the cars was completed, and I was hurriedly dispatched to Baguio that I might learn the road.

A Government pink ticket took me north on the railway through a hundred miles of rice-fields and jungle, by the beautifully perfect Cone of Alby, to the little town of Camp One, where I slid my machine safely to the ground from its flat car. It was late on a hot afternoon last March when I climbed up again to my place behind the big wheel, and, with a pair of adventurous passengers and a few mail-sacks, started on my initial trip over the road with which I was to become so familiar before my contract would again allow me to go on my way westward.

It was but a long step from the end of the railway to beautiful Baguio among the pines, and my machines were the connecting link between the

two. Mail, passengers and freight were taken up over the wonderful twisting pike. We carried teachers on vacation bent to a summer camp provided by their bureau. The governor and the governed rode alike. Bureau after bureau came from Manila with their tennis racquets and their typewriters to be taken to the cool climate of the hills. The passengers hailed from as many countries as did their forerunners who helped build the road. Tourists were there, from the widely-travelled Chicago politician, who made the mistake of telling me well-known facts of my own town, to the wondering, wild-eyed native Government clerk who had never been out of Manila before. I remember with pity the wife of a Government official, who travelled with a bath tub full of ice and expected the auto-driver to hold it on his lap while taking slippery corners hundreds of feet above the river. Japanese maidens came to weep on my shoulder that they might be carried up free, and the quiet Chinese merchant was taken at his word and trusted when, in pidgin English, he would say, "You takee me topside, I catchee one piece ticket from number one friend." The Englishman with his "excess baggage," and the German with his notebook in hand, all looked alike to the man who drove. They paid their toll and were much delighted with the open-air trip and the marvellous view.

Camp One is at sea level, and marks the point where the Bued River comes tearing out of its cañon. It is also the end of the Manila and Degupan Railway in Pangasanan, and is one of the many hot places where malaria, nipa shacks on stilts, cock-pits and banana trees abound. The "Benguet Boulevard" is a road of two hundred bridges. Here it starts into the cañon on a fourteen-foot shelf cut from the solid rock, and never gets out till after traversing seventeen miles of ever-winding course, now hundreds of feet above the river, now at the water's edge, it comes to Camp Colgan, the foot of the zig-zag, where in a supreme effort it struggles up and out, rising thousands of feet above the river in a two-mile stretch. The view from the top, back and down, is a wonder. On the one hand one gets glimpses of the road in thirteen places, while on the other stretch the interesting rice terraces made by our non-Christian visitors to the World's Fair at St. Louis, the hill tribes of Igorrotes. The first white man who went to Baguio told his friends on his return of gold in the rocks, but, better yet, of the cool place he had found. So more men went, and now there is this road. A two-million dollar boulevard, built by Uncle Sam for his boys in the Far East, every kilometre of which is carefully guarded and maintained by a *campomero*, or care-

taker. It is a road to be compared to the passes of the Alps and Norway, or the Government road to Darjeeling. The men who made "Taft's Benguet Boulevard" built a monument to be proud of. They dug it out of the mountain-side or built it up from the river. They swung it across the yawning gorges on grape-vine bridges made of wire cable, which never fail to bring squeals of terror from the New England school-ma'am as the cars slowly crawl out and swing two hundred feet above the rushing torrent. Government Engineer Haube stamps these spans as safe. He says that so long as they squeak there is no danger, and he may be right! The real test was made last year when a five thousand-pound steam-roller was taken to Baguio across these slight suspension bridges. A road foreman watching them sag in the middle said it looked "like a ton of lead in a spring bed." Some day soon they are to be replaced by better ones. The road is built to stay. Five thousand "Kennon Specials" were smoked to celebrate its completion, and now one can leave Manila in the morning and take dinner at the Teachers' Camp or the picturesque summer home of Governor-General W. Cameron Forbes at Top Side. The Boulevard to health is a reality and is in use. A climb of seventeen miles without an adverse grade from Palms to Pines; out of the quivering heat of the plain up five thousand feet to health and the cool fresh air of the mountains, yes, and to Baguio. Baguio is the native word for windstorm, but more than that, it is the name of the pleasant summer capital of the Philippines, our Simla in the Orient.

Express was taken up in the machines, as was the daily mail, the rear seats being removed for this purpose. When "States Mail" came, a fast trip was planned, for though Baguio is equipped with telephones and has a daily newspaper, it has no delivery system, but goes to the post-office in the good old-fashioned way to chat, while the sacks are opened and the letters cancelled and distributed. On the return trip went express packages of fresh strawberries from the Government experiment station, bound for Manila, and tied tightly down on top of mail sacks often heavy with gold from the "Benguet Consolidated." I always watched with interest the loading of these mail sacks as my careful "boy" dropped them, one by one, on the floor of the garage, thoughtfully placing the one which landed with a thud under the front seat or at the bottom of the pile, for he was aware that the thud was caused by a brick of precious metal from the mines on its way to the banks in Manila.

On the road there is plenty of scenery, but the man who drives thinks more of pumps and pressure as he travels, according to schedule, over

A Filipino Cart.

The Benguet Road.

this way, swept daily by a careful *campomero* with his palm-leaf broom. We always met the caribao carts of the natives, in which the heavy provisions for the settlement are carried up. The stolid animals never stirred as we passed. It is, however, far from the intention of a Filipino driver to bar the path of the "Devil Wagon," or in any way take up the road. At first these simple-minded people were terrified by our cars, which gave them no peace night or day. I am sure they must have had troubled dreams, for when we came behind a slowly moving cart, in which the driver had gone to sleep as he drove, and rudely awakened him with a "honk-honk," his first move would be to urge his cart from the road, disregarding entirely the danger he might be flying into. Later in the season, to protect themselves, they began to travel in bands. Ten, or often twenty, carts would start out together, and in order to guard against a sudden meeting with this strange wagon of the white man, they organised a forerunner and a guard in the rear of their troop.

England has long cared for her people in India by establishing "hill stations" for their comfort and health in the hot weather. Uncle Sam has never had a chance to look out for his own in this way, but profiting by the example set him, he has built a town, and a road, which makes it possible to break the heat of the long summer with a pleasant vacation in the mountains. It is a place for teachers to recuperate, and an Army Post where men can regain their health without returning to the States, hospitals for the sick and clubs for the well, golf for those who want to walk and good roads for those who ride ; a beautiful town made accessible by these automobiles and built on an interesting plain, laid out for the best interests of our little brown brother.

Winter India—IV.

Imperial Delhi.

By the Author of "The Tourist's India."

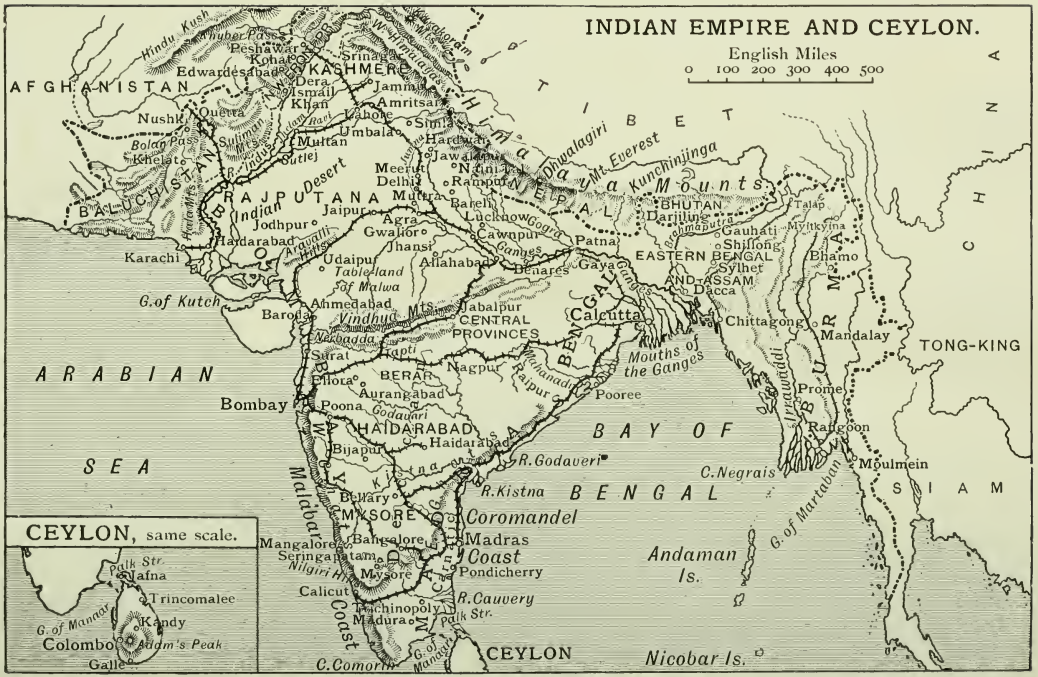
Never since Islam's conquering creed had birth,
Boasts her false prophet nobler shrine on earth,
Than where the Jama Masjid towers sublime,
And splendid Superstition laughs at Time.

DELHI is the one city in India which can justly claim to rank both as a historic capital and an imperial city. Calcutta, although the seat of Government, is a mushroom city in comparison, and is besides of exotic growth. No doubt the actual Delhi of to-day is a comparatively modern city from the antiquarian point of view, for the present Delhi is but the fifth or sixth city which has been raised upon its site, but the glamour of its glories under the Moghul Emperors still hangs round its walls.

Mr. G. W. Forrest in his "Cities of India" has admirably summed up the historical vicissitudes of the City of the Moghuls :

"Delhi is the Empress of Indian cities. She has often been sacked and left naked and desolate. But she could not be despoiled of the incomparable situation which marks her for the metropolis of a great Empire. Standing on her high battlements, the eye can sweep over a wide expanse of yellow country scarred by ravines and dotted with trees and gardens, till it reaches a long range of barren hills bathed in orange and lilac. Scattered over this wild stretch of land are surviving ruins, remnants of mighty edifices, tombs of warriors and saints, which convey a more impressive sense of magnificence than Imperial Rome. They are a memorial not of a single city but of supplanted nations. Eight centuries before the Latins settled on the plains of Latium and Campania, a band of Aryans drove from here aboriginal savages, and founded on the left bank of the Jumna the city of Indraspatna, which grew into a mighty kingdom. Then the Moslem appeared on the scene, and Hindu civilisation disappeared in smoke and ruin."

It was owing to the historic and Imperial associations of Delhi that this city and not the British capital was chosen for the Imperial Durbar of January 1st, 1877, and the Coronation Durbar of January 1st, 1903. But the first of the three great historic Durbars which serve as landmarks of British rule in India, that of January 1st, 1858, was, however, not held at Delhi, but at Allahabad. This Durbar was summoned to



103 **Map of India.** [Photo from "World of To-Day."

proclaim officially the transfer to the British Sovereign of the dominions of the East India Company. This, too, would have taken place at Delhi, only the dismantled and half-ruined city had not recovered from the great siege in the previous year.

Recently there has been some agitation in the Calcutta Press with a view of urging the claims of Calcutta as the metropolitan city, the official capital, and the seat of Government, as the city for holding the forthcoming Durbar. If, however, a plebiscite of Anglo-Indians were taken, there is no doubt that there would be an overwhelming majority in favour of Delhi, the one historic capital of India.

In an Indian tour, a week at least should be given up to Delhi, but for most travellers this is a counsel of perfection. India is a vast country, and the number of places of interest, which even the most hurried tourist must see, is a little bewildering. Many, indeed, will attempt to do Delhi in three days. No doubt a hard-working, seasoned globe-trotter, who is not afraid of the sun, can visit all the popular sights of the Imperial city in that time if he chooses. But it is much better to ignore the stereotyped itinerary of the local guides, and omit many of the specific curiosities, devoting one whole day to the historic sites and scenes of the great siege, even if the visit to the Tomb of Humayan has to be omitted. I should recommend, then, one day to the Fort and Palace and the Jama Masjid, and a leisurely stroll in Silver Street; the second day to the "Mutiny sites"; and the third day to the excursion to the Kutab Minar.

The Jama Masjid is a magnificent temple of red sandstone and white marble. Though it is not, as is popularly supposed, the largest mosque in the world, it is certainly one of the most imposing. Its proportions are colossal, though artists find fault with its lack of balance. Indeed, like St. Mark's at Venice, it requires all its spaciousness to make up for its lack of height. But no mosque in the world, except that of Fatehpur Sikri, possesses such splendid portals as the three gateways of the Jama Masjid, each approached by a noble flight of steps.

The size of the courtyard adds much to the dignity of the building, and suggests the Haram es Sherif of Jerusalem. This mosque may be described as the National or Metropolitan Mosque of the Moslems in India, as the Hassan Mosque in Cairo is the National Mosque of Egypt. It is placed under the direct control of the Government and has been thoroughly restored within recent years. The history of the Jama Masjid is inscribed in panels near the principal entrance, though travellers

are usually told by the guides that these are quotations from the Koran. Indeed, some guides, evidently anxious to go one better than their *confrères*, have been known to assert unblushingly that the panels contain the whole of the Koran !

In a subsidiary mosque are preserved some greatly venerated relics of Mohammed which can be seen by the curious. These include the Prophet's slipper, his footprint, miraculously impressed in a stone, and what is apparently the most precious relic of all, enshrined in a silver casket, a hair (of a flaming red tint) from the Prophet's beard ! Of more real interest is a beautiful copy of the Koran, one of the oldest extant, dating from the seventh century.

The spacious area, with its congeries of buildings, palace, pavilions, mosques, barracks, Government buildings, etc., which is known as the Fort, is, like the Alhambra or the Kremlin, a city within a city. There is so much of interest to be seen here that those with little time to spare should confine themselves to the two Halls of Audience and the Pearl Mosque.

In the Diwan-i-Am (Hall of Public Audience) the mosaic work in the throne recess is extraordinarily rich and splendid. We have not here, as in the Alhambra, merely stucco and paint, but mosaics in precious stones of flowers, fruit, and birds, the work of the erratic genius and adventurer, Austin de Bordeaux, the favourite of the Emperor Shah Jehan.

Here stood the famous Peacock Throne, which ancient travellers used to call the eighth wonder of the world. It owes its name to the two hybrid birds, of a species quite unknown to the ornithologist, perched on the pinnacles. They bore a faint resemblance to peacocks, whence followed the adoption of the peacock as a badge of Indian Empire. The expanded tails, thickly studded with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, etc., inlaid so as to represent the exact colours of the living bird, formed the back of the throne. Between the peacocks was a parrot, as large as life, carved out of a single emerald. This throne is (or rather was, for experts declare that very little of the ancient throne remains), no doubt, of immense value, the lowest estimate being two millions sterling. In shape it resembles rather a state bed than a throne. It is made entirely of gold—steps, sides, and legs—and is artistically chased and encrusted with countless precious stones. However, this remarkable chair of state is at Teheran (having been carried off with other treasure by Nadir Shah) and not at Delhi, and therefore could not grace the Coronation

Durbar of 1903. Still, one cannot help thinking of the deep impression that would have been made on the Indian mind if the Viceroy could have received the feudatory princes of our great Eastern Empire, seated on a throne which for centuries was the outward symbol and the embodiment of Imperial rule.

Some of the mosaic panels in the throne recess are wanting, having been removed by the English after the Mutiny, and are now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. The present juncture would seem a suitable opportunity for replacing them, and thus making some reparation for what some must consider an act of gross vandalism. Thanks to the urgent representations of Lord Curzon, the finest of these, the famous "Orpheus Panel," has recently been restored to its old position.

Enormous sums have recently been spent in regilding, renovating the mosaics, and generally restoring the architectural and decorative glories of Shah Jehan's earthly paradise, so that visitors will now be able to realise better what these splendid halls looked like when Akbar or Shah Jehan sat on the Peacock Throne.

After the splendours of this hall one may be excused for anticipating something of an anti-climax in the next Audience Hall, the Diwan-i-Khas. One would suppose that the acme of magnificent decoration had been reached, but these apprehensions will be ill founded. This Hall of Private Audience incontestably excels the other Diwan for beauty and richness and decoration. The much-quoted Persian distich—

> "If there be a paradise on earth,
> It is this, it is this, it is this"—

which is inscribed over the fretted and brilliantly inlaid arches seems to give the true note. The glories of these wonderful halls seem to defy analytical description as much as do those of the Taj Mahal, and it would be hopeless for me to attempt it.

The Diwan-i-Khas is certainly the most historically interesting of any of the halls of the Palace. Here in May, 1857, the Sepoy rebels declared the *roi fainéant*, Bahadur Shah, Emperor of India; and it was in this hall that, a few months later, he was tried and condemned to exile in Burmah. Here took place the grand ball given to the late Emperor of India (then Prince of Wales) by the army in January, 1876, just a twelvemonth before the assumption of the title Kaiser-i-Hind by the late Queen Victoria.

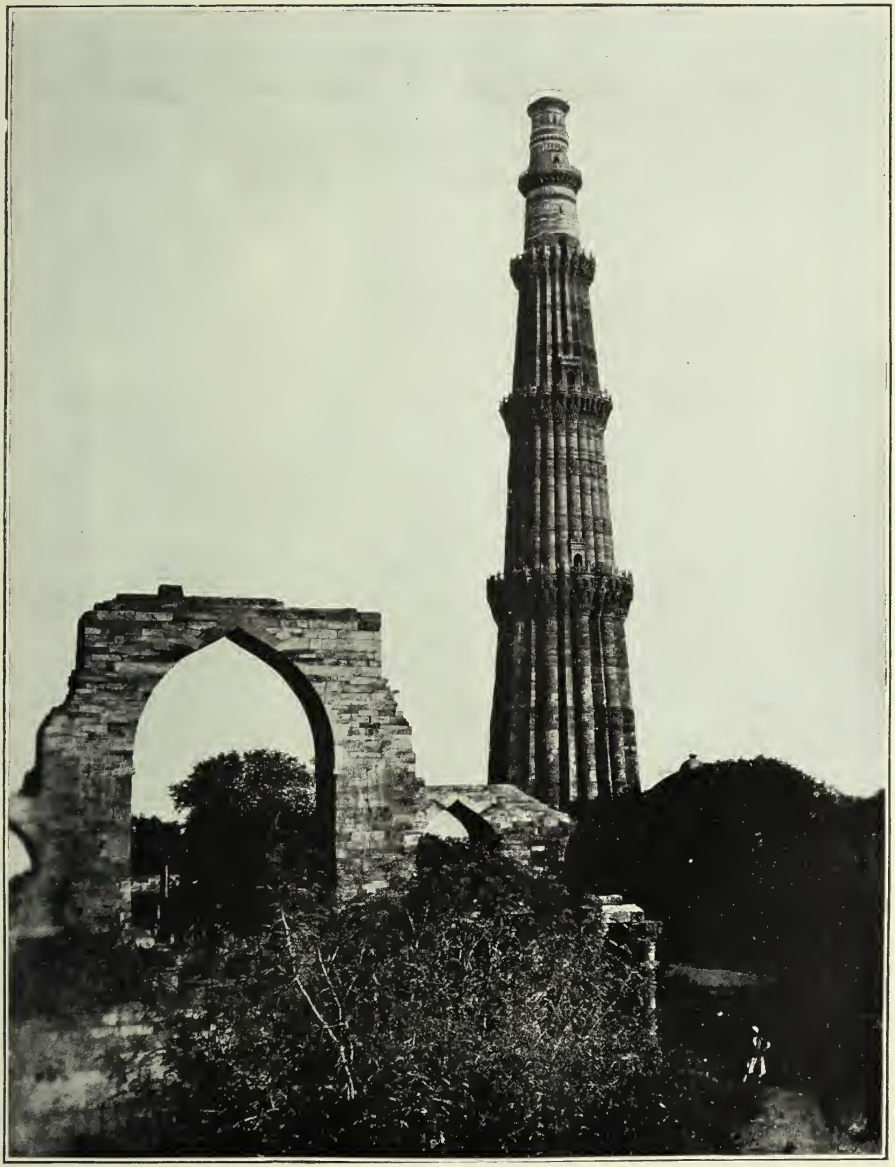
Finally, this hall was the scene of one of the most brilliant functions in connection with the Coronation Durbar of January, 1903.

The exquisite Pearl Mosque is emphatically an architectural gem, for purity and elegance inferior only to its sister Mosque of Agra, the famous Pearl Mosque of Shah Jehan, a building of unsurpassable beauty. It is composed of white marble, and each slender column bears an embossed lotus. We have now seen the two glories of Delhi, the Great Mosque and the Fort and Palace of the Moghul Emperors, but we must not forego one of the most characteristic sights of Delhi, its streets and bazaars.

To understand what native life is the tourist should spend an hour or two without any fixed goal in the Chandni Chauk, usually called Silver Street. This is the Mooski of Delhi, though, unlike that famous Cairene highway, the Chandni Chauk is a fairly wide avenue. The picturesqueness is not so much in the buildings, which lack the artistic outlines of those in the Mooski, as in the natives themselves. A striking feature of the street life is the extraordinary variety of colour, though this, indeed, the visitor fresh from the Bombay bazaars expects as a matter of course. This living mosaic has at first a bewildering effect on the spectator, but after a while this kaleidoscopic crowd can be resolved into separate units, each unit being an independent blend of orange and magenta, green and violet, or silver and scarlet. Extremely picturesque are the women as they glide through the throng, carrying water jars or brass lotas on their heads, their silver anklets jingling faintly. Then there is a great variety in the animal and vehicular traffic. An elephant stalks along with heavy dignity, picking his way among a procession of gaily-painted ekkas and carts drawn by sleek bullocks, like an ocean liner among a fleet of barges and ferry boats. Striking and bizarre is the contrast between these ancient methods of locomotion and the modern vehicular traffic—the swift motor-car or the trim dog-cart of the English official and the electric trams recently started.

The genuine native shops, as opposed to those which concern themselves chiefly with tourists, are feasts of colour, the goods, as often as not, being spread out on the ground, the proprietor and his assistants squatting among the wares and occasionally calling out their merits. In short, these street and bazaar scenes have a strong fascination for the observant traveller. What will probably impress the artistic visitor is the natural love of picturesque effect and the correct taste in colour possessed by the Hindus. In spite of the extraordinary variety of colours to be seen in the streets, one seldom sees any "colour discords."

As to the accommodation for visitors, even under normal conditions it is scanty. There are, in fact, only two tolerable hotels in Delhi—



[Photo from "The Tourist's India."

The Kutab Minar.

Maiden's, close to Ludlow Castle, and Laurie's (Great Northern). Indeed, the fleeting and casual character of Indian hotels is curiously suggested by a statement of Delhi's latest historian (Mr. H. C. Fanshawe) that "there are usually two or three hotels inside the Kashmir Gate." Of course, during the Durbar fortnight the hotel prices were enormous; indeed, £4 and £5 a day was not an unusual price to pay, even at the smallest, while it is said that Maiden's Hotel booked many guests at £10 a day.

The "Mutiny sites," or, to be precise, those which commemorate the many glorious episodes of the siege and assault of Delhi, are, of course, of surpassing interest to every Englishman, and all visitors, except the small minority with whom the archæological and historical features of "Old Delhi" are of primary importance, will not be content with less than a day for this pilgrimage.

All are supposed to be familiar with the story of this great siege, so any recapitulation of its salient features would be superfluous. It is a mistake to regard the siege of Delhi as but a single and comparatively unimportant episode in the great rebellion—a single canto, so to speak, in the great epic of the Mutiny. On the taking of the Imperial city depended the re-conquest of India, and round its walls was fought the struggle for our supremacy in the East. Indeed, in the opinion of most politicians of the time it was agreed that a failure to recover Delhi would mean the abandonment of India, with the exception of the great ports. No doubt, regarded solely as a military operation, the siege (which, indeed, was not strictly a siege, as the city was not, of course, invested) of Delhi is not of great importance, either from its duration or the number of troops engaged.

A climb to the top of the Mutiny Memorial on the Ridge will give visitors a good idea of the topography of this side of Delhi and of the various positions held by the troops. This monument itself is generally admitted to be an unworthy memorial of the Great Siege. It is certainly a badly proportioned and common-place structure, and has been unkindly compared to a badly drawn-out telescope. It would no doubt be considerably improved and rendered more dignified and pleasing if it were raised some twenty or thirty feet.

"The Memorial is the one feature of the Ridge that jars," writes Mr. Stanley Reed. "It is so entirely out of harmony with the scene that one wonders how it ever came to be created. From its steps, however, can be gained a view of great beauty. The broken ground dotted with

trees stretches to the city wall. Beyond lies the great city with its matchless mosques and minarets, and the graceful white dome of the Jama Masjid. But the growth of the trees has been so rapid that the scene is, in fact, losing the character it bore in the days of the Mutiny; the purple walls are half concealed, and many of the relics of the great siege cannot be discovered without close search."

The position of the siege batteries on the Ridge have been carefully marked out. One which is of especial interest at the present day is the one near Ludlow Castle (at present the head-quarters of the Delhi Club), as it was to this battery that Lord Roberts was attached as a subaltern.

The great hero of the assault (General Nicholson) is now worthily commemorated in the city where he fell, as a statue has recently been erected to the famous "Nikalsain Sahib" on an appropriate site in the Nicholson Garden just outside the Kashmir Gate. It is on the very spot where, on the eventful 14th September, 1857, Nicholson was awaiting, at the head of his little column, the bugle call announcing the blowing up of the Kashmir Gate.

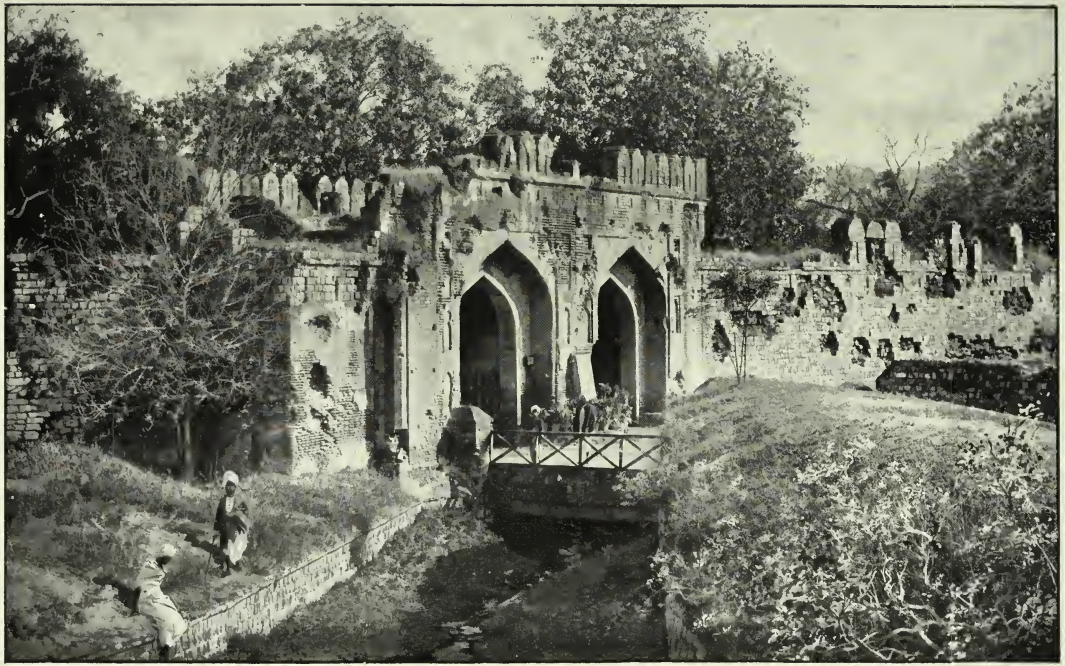
The sculptor, Thomas Brock, R.A. (who is already represented in India by statues of Queen Victoria at Agra and Sir Richard Temple at Bombay), has chosen very felicitously this dramatic moment for his treatment of the famous general. The statue is one of Mr. Brock's finest creations, and is instinct with life and vigour. The monument is some distance from the actual spot (close to the Kabul Gate) where Nicholson received his fatal wound, but close by is the little cemetery in which he is buried.

Near the telegraph office a gateway of the old magazine is still standing. It has been preserved as a memorial, an inscription giving details of the heroic deed it commemorates.

Then the tourist should not omit, in his pilgrimage of the Mutiny sites, to inspect the new memorial to the telegraph operators who at the peril of their lives remained at their post to warn the authorities at Umballa and Lahore. The inscription closes with the famous words of Sir Robert Montgomery: "The electric telegraph has saved India."

The real history of this famous telegram has recently been revealed through the discovery, in 1906, among the old Government Records preserved in Lahore, of the original telegram. The message runs as follows:—

"Date, 11th May, 1857, from Umballa, to all stations; the following just received from Delhi: we must leave office. All the bungalows



Kashmir Gate.

[Photo from 'World of To-Day.''

are being burnt down by the sepoys of Meerut. They came in this morning. We are off, don't roll to-day. Mr. C. Todd is dead—we think he went out this morning and has not returned yet. We heard that nine Europeans were killed. Good-bye."

This message was despatched by the signaller at Delhi to the signaller at Umballa. A copy of it was taken that same afternoon to Major-General Sir H. Barnard, C.B., Commanding Sirhind District, and he sent on a copy by post to Sir John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, who happened to be temporarily at Rawalpindi, and another copy to General Anson, Commander-in-Chief at Simla. The message was also wired to all stations, and the copy which reached Sir John Lawrence at Rawalpindi is that still preserved among the Secretariat's records.

The phrase "Don't roll to-day" means "Don't ring us," for the message is not official but merely a conversation between the signallers along the wire.

Another relic of the siege is an out-house in the compound of the Delhi Bank, where Mr. Beresford, the manager, with his wife and daughters, made a heroic, but unsuccessful, stand against a horde of Delhi rebels. Surely this also is worthy of a commemorative tablet.

This supremely interesting pilgrimage might be appropriately concluded with a visit to St. James' Memorial Church near the Kashmir Gate, full of monuments and memorials to those who fell in the Mutiny. This church has a curious history. It was built by the famous Colonel Skinner, C.B. The founder was a remarkably tolerant and Catholic-minded man, for he simultaneously endowed a Mosque for the Mohammedans and a temple for the Hindus! One is glad to find, however, from a tablet in the church, that on his death-bed Colonel Skinner decided personally in favour of Christianity.

But, after all, the grandest memorial of the siege is the Kashmir Gate itself, and that battered curtain wall between the Kashmir Gate and the Mori Gate. This wall, like the Lucknow Residency, has been left untouched, certainly a manifestation of good taste and true sentiment on the part of the authorities, which goes far to make up for the gross vandalism of dismantling the palace of the Moghul Emperors to make room for barracks and officers' quarters.

The Kashmir Gate and Breach serve to show the execution done by the siege batteries on the Ridge during the few days before the glorious assault of 14th September, 1857. It will be noticed that for many yards

the parapet of the walls on either side has been stripped off to facilitate the storming of the breach.

The blowing up of the Kashmir Gate is, perhaps, the most dramatic as well as the most heroic of all the innumerable glorious feats of arms in the Mutiny. It was one of the forlornest of forlorn hopes, with the exception, perhaps, of the blowing up of the Delhi magazine, throughout the great Indian Rebellion.

Reading the restrained and cut-and-dried official report of this heroic episode, it is difficult to fully realise the noble courage and devotion to duty and absolute indifference to life, shown by the little band of five (Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and three sergeants) in what seemed a thousand to one chance. But the mere fact that three out of the five perished indicates the enormous risk. Let us look at the arduous conditions. In the face of a hail of bullets from the walls the devoted band had to affix several bags of powder to the gate and light the quick fuse. Even if they escaped being shot down, they would be blown to pieces by the explosion unless they could get under cover within thirty seconds or so. Indeed, as it turned out, only those who had escaped the bullets during the operation, and were able to fling themselves into the ditch before the the explosion, escaped with their lives. The actual gateway, it should be explained, was so masked and protected by outworks that it was out of reach of the batteries, consequently the terribly hazardous operation of blowing down the gate by a storming party was absolutely necessary. This fact is usually omitted in the histories of the siege.

This thrilling scene is vividly and graphically described under the guise of fiction by Mrs. F. A. Steel in her famous Mutiny novel, "On the Face of the Waters." This description I am kindly permitted to quote :

"Home, of the Engineers, first with two sergeants, a native *havildar*, and ten Punjabee sappers, running lightly, despite the twenty-five pound powder bags they carried. Behind them, led by Salkeld, were the firing party and a bugler. All running under the hail of bullets, faster as they fell faster, as men run to escape a storm ; but these courted it, though the task had been set for night, and it was now broad daylight.

"What then ? They could see better. See the outer gateway open, the footway of the drawbridge destroyed, the inner door closed save for the wicket.

"'Come on,' shouted Home, and was across the bare beams like a boy, followed by the others.

"Incredible daring! What did it mean? The doubt made the scared enemy close the wicket hastily. So against it, at the rebels' very feet, the powder bags were laid. True, one sergeant fell dead with his; but as it fell against the gates his task was done.

"'Ready, Salkeld!—your turn,' sang out young Home from the ditch, into which, the bags laid, the fuse set, he dropped unhurt. So, across the scant foothold came the firing party, its leader holding the port-fire. But the paralysis of amazement had passed; the enemy, realising what the audacity meant, had set the wicket wide. It bristled now with muskets, so did the parapet.

"'Burgess!—your turn,' called Salkeld as he fell, and passed the port-fire to the corporal behind him. Burgess, *alias* Grierson—someone perchance retrieving a past under a new name—took it, stooped, then with a half-articulate cry either that it was 'right' or 'out,' fell back into the ditch dead. Smith, of the powder party—lingering to see the deed done—thought the latter, and, matchbox in hand, sprang forward, cuddling the gate for safety as he struck a light. But it was not needed. As he stooped to use it, the port-fire of the fuse exploded in his face, and, half-blinded, he turned to plunge headlong for escape into the ditch. A second after the gate was in fragments.

"'Your turn, Hawthorne!' came that voice from the ditch. So the bugler, who had braved death to sound it, gave the advance. Once, twice, thrice, lest the din from the breaches should drown it. Vain precaution, not needed either, for the sound of the explosion was enough. That thousand on the road was hungering to be no whit behind the others, and with a wild cheer the stormers made for the gate."

Having duly performed the patriotic duty of visiting the various sites and scenes of the great siege, a day might be profitably spent amidst the ruins of Kutab Minar.

The various capitals of the successive dynasties who built their seat of empire on Delhi Plain seem at first a little difficult to follow. But the main facts can be easily mastered; it will suffice to remember that what is now called Kutab Minar is the site of the original Delhi, and between this Delhi and the foundation of modern Delhi (Shahjehanabad) were built Siri, Tughlakabad, Firozabad, and the city of Humayun, which immediately preceded Jehan's City of Delhi.

It is possible by making an early start to go the round of these dead cities in a day, as they would necessarily be included in the regular excursion to Kutab Minar and the Tomb of Humayun. Such a trip is

not, however, recommended. The best plan is to drive direct to Kutab Minar, and spend the night at the Rest House ("hallmarked with the utilitarian ugliness of the Public Works Department," to quote Mr. Stanley Reed), returning next day by Tughlakabad and Humayun's Tomb.

The road from Delhi to Kutab Minar has been felicitously described by a French traveller as the Asiatic Appian Way, and the ruins of all ages which border the road indicate the appropriateness of this epithet. We drive past an endless succession of ruins, mosques, temples, shrines, tombs and mausolea, monuments of all ages and faiths, so numerous that the guide-books seem to give up the task of description in despair.

Indeed, as Lord Curzon has graphically expressed it, "the environs of Delhi are a wilderness of deserted cities and devastated tombs. Each fresh conqueror, Hindu, or Moghul, or Pathan, marched, so to speak, to his own immortality over his predecessor's grave."

Kutab Minar is about eleven miles from Delhi. The enormous size of the earlier city—an Indian Thebes or Babylon, destroyed by Mussulman hordes some nine hundred years ago—is indicated by the ruins of four Hindu forts. But the Moslem city is now itself razed to the ground, only a few scanty walls and pillars showing where once stood the Great Mosque built from the stones of the great Hindu temple.

But if only those of archæological or historical tastes can appreciate properly the antiquities of Kutab Minar, all must admire the magnificent tower, the great lion of the place. It is said that this monument suggested to Bishop Heber his famous simile, "The Moghuls designed like Titans and finished like jewellers." For grace and elegance and general impressiveness perhaps only Giotto's Campanile at Florence excels this wonderful structure. Indeed, Fergusson does not hesitate to declare the Kutab Minar the most beautiful example of its class known to exist anywhere.

It was, no doubt, built as a tower of victory. It symbolises, indeed, warlike energy, just as the Taj is a symbol of love and passion, the Tomb of Akbar typifies majesty and wisdom, and the Diwan-i-Khas wealth and splendour.

For the benefit of those with a weakness for statistics it may be added that the tower is two hundred and forty feet high (about ten feet lower than the Giralda of Seville). At the base it is forty-seven feet in diameter and nine feet at the top.

The next place to be visited is the Great Mosque. The insignificant-

looking pillar, dwarfed by the noble proportions of the great archway, is really one of the most remarkable antiquities in India. It is a solid shaft of wrought iron, about twenty-four feet high, dating from the third or fourth century after Christ. The ordinary tourist may not be much impressed by this curious relic, but to engineers and scientists who are aware that only within recent years have English ironfounders been capable of forging a bar of iron of anything like these dimensions,* the famous pillar of the Kutab Minar is of peculiar interest, offering as it does a problem which defies solution.

This iron pillar was set up by the Aryan Monarch who founded the Indra Prastha which he had wrested from the aboriginal peoples. "Deeply graven in sanscrit characters on the metal column is the proud boast of the Hindu monarch :—'As long as I stand, so long shall the Hindu kingdom endure. The Kutab set up by Kutab-ud-Din, 'the pole star of religion,' the first of the Mohamedan invaders, is the moslem's proud retort."

The great archway and the characteristic iron pillar are familiar to all tourists from photographs, so it was amusing to see in a well-known London weekly, in a highly imaginative illustration of the State entry into Delhi of the Viceroy at the Coronation Durbar, that the artist had coolly transported the archway and pillar to the Lahore Gate, Delhi, some dozen miles distant !

Between the Kutab Minar and Delhi lies that "amazing tangle of ruins—fort and temple, wall and mosque—which rose and fell as invasion succeeded invasion, draining the land of its substance, until Baber, placing his foot in the stirrup of recollection and his hands in the reins of confidence in God, marched against the hosts of Hindustan to found a Moghul Empire."

Few visitors go five miles farther to see the remarkable ruins of the fortress and city of Tughlakabad, as interesting as the Epipolæ of Syracuse in Sicily. The dome of the Emperor Tughlak's mausoleum is the earliest in India.

* For it must be remembered that an analysis has shown that it is of pure malleable iron.

Potentates in Partibus.

By A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.

A few years ago there died in Paris a man of business, M. Laviarde, whom the newspapers jeeringly sent to his tomb as Achille I., King of Patagonia, a title inherited from his cousin, Aurelie Antoine de Tounens. This flighty lawyer, on the model of his then Emperor, about 1860, had created himself Sovereign of a large territory in South America, where his very name was unknown. The subjects he had in view were the Araucanian Indians, the manliest stock at that end of the continent, who all along had shown restlessness under their Chilian dominators. M. de Tounens began by going *incognito* to Chili, there to spend two years in learning Spanish and picking up some information about his future people. He made acquaintance with one of their chiefs, under whose auspices he burst upon them equipped with a tricolour flag and a constitution in sixty articles, guaranteeing liberty and equality after the best French patterns. He seems to have made an impression on the Araucanians, whom he got to go through some form of popular election that entitled him, in his own eyes, to style himself Aurelius-Antony I., then, with a stroke of the pen, he annexed Patagonia to his brand-new dominions. But whereas he proclaimed his empire to be peace, the Indian's interest dropped away from him when he did not come to the practical business of cutting Spanish throats.

The Chilian Government, at first inclined to treat him as a lunatic, presently saw danger in his wild announcements. Poor Aurelius-Antony was "treacherously" captured and thrown into a dungeon, where, like other pretenders, he expected nothing but death. Contemptuously released and sent back to France, he tried in vain to get his claims financed by unsympathetic countrymen. Twice again he made a futile attempt to invade Araucania, but was turned back, to die in a hospital, as end of a meteoric career I have elsewhere described more fully.

It would appear as if Frenchmen are apt to show the particular quality, perhaps lack of a sense of humour, that can lead them into such pretensions, gravely put forward by several of them in our mocking generation. I should like to find materials for the history of "S. M., the King of the Sedangs," who in the background of Cochin-China gave so much trouble to his countrymen's colony of officials and soldiers. Not long ago

London had its laugh at M. Lebaudy, would-be Emperor of the Sahara, who, at the Savoy Hotel, was so hard beset with interviewers. For all one knows, he may still be hatching plans to enter upon his sandy empire, where he marked out a modern Troy as capital, but must have been rather at a loss for subjects. Nothing has been heard of his ambition lately, and his own countrymen seemed to treat him even less seriously than we did. "Jacques I.," however, took himself very seriously, and got the length of publishing an official gazette, in which he proclaimed that soon his flag would fly from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, and announced a prize of 500,000 francs for the races he proposed to hold at his unbuilt capital. This was treated at Paris as a comic paper, so no wonder that the imperial editor was ready to shake its dust from his feet. "His heart deeply stirred," he declares, "by the spectacle at present offered by France, where the sound traditions of individual liberty are daily violated with impunity, having witnessed the decadence of morals, the social iniquities perpetrated as matters of course without any revolt of an emasculated people, so much has it lost all sense of justice—his Majesty has taken the resolution of going to a country recently called by him to civilization and there founding a new native-land. . . ."

"At London, where S. M. establishes himself with his staff, he enters into constant relations with the highest political personages, gives his audiences, sends his orders to his representatives, in short, governs from this admirable great city, which is like the heart of the world.

"S. M. will return to his States as soon as the liberty of the seas shall be assured, and he can do so without its being possible for the French Government to attempt any abominable act of force upon his person."

It appears, alas! that both French and Spanish officials had not stuck at "acts of piracy" against the intending Emperor, while the French press, "bribed by secret funds," attacked him with calumny. But whatever right he had to the Sahara, in his title of "Jacques I." M. Lebaudy had been forestalled by another Frenchman on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

M. James Harden-Hickey, indeed, was only half a Frenchman, of Irish descent, and born, apparently, in California, but brought up in Paris under the second Empire. There he became noted as *viveur*, journalist, novelist, duellist, and swashbuckler of the Bourbon pretender, through whose influence, probably, he was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. In a voyage round the world, he is said to have been wrecked on the Island of Trinidad, several hundred miles off the north

coast of Brazil, a barren rock some four or five miles long, more than once visited by expeditions like that of Mr. E. N. Knight, in vain search of treasure believed to be buried here. Of this island, with its population of goats, turtles and sea-fowl, the French traveller proclaimed himself King in 1892. Then, or soon afterwards, "Jacques I." of Trinidad is found established in not very royal quarters at New York, with M. de la Boissière as his faithful chancellor. He had got the length of inventing an order with four classes, when his claims came to be rudely blown aside in a dispute between Britain and Brazil for the ownership of the island. Upon Britain he threatened to retaliate by an invasion to be carried out from Ireland, but funds for this enterprise were not forthcoming from the sale of Trinidad decorations, which found no market in Uncle Sam's Republic.

M. Harden-Hickey had what seemed the more solid luck to marry the daughter of an oil-king; but this practically-minded father-in-law excited King Jacques' indignation by refusing to finance his chimerical projects. Being in the business of sovereign, at one time he flirted with a proposal to become pretender for the vacant throne of the Sandwich Islands, not yet adopted as an American territory. A year or two before the end of the century he travelled to Mexico in the hope of selling some lands he possessed there. This having succeeded no better than his other designs, on the way back he poisoned himself in an hotel at El Paso. In his trunk was found the crown of Trinidad, a bauble which at New York had made copy for irreverent newspaper-reporters.

An earlier French adventurer was Count de Raousset-Boulbon, who, after a *jeunesse orageuse*, came out to California in the flush of its gold-hunting excitement. But even gold-hunting proved too tame for his spirit; and presently he proposed to settle a French colony in the waste province of Sonora, by way of driving a wedge between Mexico and the new territories of the more pushing Republic. The Mexican authorities were at first inclined to favour his project, and let him take two or three hundred men into Sonora, armed ostensibly to protect its miners from the attacks of the cruel Apache Indians. But presently he became suspected of designing to set up an independent state, perhaps not without secret encouragement from the French Government, that afterwards sent poor Maximilian on a more open errand of meddling. On a second raid into Mexico, Raousset-Boulbon was arrested and shot, a prelude to the fate of that more famous encroacher on American ideas.

This Frenchman's ambition must have hindered his acceptance of a

partnership to which he was invited by the most famous of all modern filibusters, William Walker, doctor, lawyer and journalist, of Tennessee, but a Scot by descent, who at the same time was trying his fortunes in California. He began his martial career by raising a force on the same pretence of fighting the Indians ; but all along he seems to have designed the foundation of a new American slave-state, being a fanatical partizan of the South's "peculiar institution." With a handful of followers, in 1852 he landed at the point of the long peninsula known as Lower California, captured the town of La Paz, deposed the Governor, and proclaimed himself President of an independent State of Sonora, with territory extending on each side of the Gulf. In its early days, California was well stocked with reckless recruits for such an enterprise, and Walker had before long been joined by three hundred men keen for bloodshed and plunder. But the discipline their leader tried to enforce among them soon winnowed out the majority of the adventurers, and with less than a hundred choice spirits he had to fight his way up the peninsula. Harassed all the way by Mexicans and Indians, losing men by desertion and capture, with only some three dozen faithful comrades he reached the boundary of American California, to burst through the Mexican forces by a dashing charge that let the survivors surrender themselves to a body of United States troops watching on the frontier line.

Undeterred by this rehearsal of failure, a few years later Walker undertook his more celebrated expedition to Nicaragua. That country being then in its chronic state of civil war, with a small band of Americans he interfered on one side so effectually as soon to become a virtual dictator. But his ambition stirred against him the other States of this volcanic region, so that, overwhelmed by a swarm of enemies, he had again to surrender to his own country's forces. Officially snubbed, and put through a form of trial, he found himself lionized, especially by Southerners, as was our "Dr. Jim" after his unlucky raid. Before long Walker was back again in Nicaragua, again to be driven to surrender to his own countrymen. A third attempt proved more unfortunate. This time he landed in Honduras, where, cut off from supplies, and his followers prostrated by fever, he gave himself up to a British naval officer, who handed him over to the native authorities, and by them he was shot off-hand.

Walker had among his comrades the poet, Joaquin Miller, who became his *vates sacer*.

> "He was a brick : let this be said
> Above my brave dishonoured dead.

I ask no more, this is not much,
Yet I disdain a colder touch
To memory as dear as his;
For he was true as any star,
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss;
Tall, courtly, grand as any king,
And never moved at anything."

There may be, indeed, a dash of poetical license in this picture, for Mr. C. N. Bell, who visited the modern Pizarro in his camp, describes him as "a little strip of a man, about five feet three inches high, and I wondered to see him in command of these stalwart Kentuckians and tall Germans." But all accounts agree in representing him as a man born to command, with high principles tempered by a love of bloodshed, even of austere morals that enforced irksome restraint upon his swaggering recruits; and though he failed against overwhelming odds, Walker seems to have come nearer achievement than any other of those seekers after sovereignty.

Another aspirant to rule on this unhealthy coast had been "Gregor MacGregor, Cacique of Poyais," best remembered now by a reference in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, but he made a great stir in his time. After serving in our Peninsular War, and with distinction under Bolivar in the Venezuelan struggle for independence, he took to more dubious forays in the Gulf of Mexico, where from an Indian chief he professed to have got a title to princedom on the Mosquito Shore. He established himself in a London suburb, keeping hospitable state, granting titles and commissions, and trying to raise a loan on the Stock Exchange for his well-advertised state, to which he sent out a number of emigrants, chiefly from Scotland, who would all have died miserably of fever or starvation but for the interference of the British colony at Belsize. The glorious enterprise went out in a snuff of scandal; and His Highness Gregor got a prison for palace, but finally escaped from duns and prosecutions at home to end his days on a pension in Venezuela, where his gallant services were not forgotten. His story seems not unlike that of the French Marquis de Rays, who in our own time dumped down a shipful of people to starve in a Melanesian island, and incidentally added to the gaiety of nations by no doubt suggesting that last adventure of M. Tartarin de Tarascon.

It is remarkable that the white renegades who turn up in American history as chiefs of Red Indian tribes, seem usually to have been Scotsmen or Frenchmen. In my *Bonnie Scotland* I have related the most

Sledging in Labrador.

Ready for a Night-Camp.

notable case of the kind, that of the half-bred Alexander Macgillivray, and the French wanderer Leclerc Milfort, who jointly, as civil and war chiefs, controlled the powerful Creek nation throughout the Revolutionary War, and played an obscurely important part in it by keeping these warriors neutral. Macgillivray seems to have had more cunning than courage ; and he showed himself so much of a canny Scot as to get titles and pensions from the British, the Spanish and the American Governments, which he slyly played off against each other, deceiving them all at once. He seems to have made a fortune before he died, not without having suffered deposition at the hands of an English private soldier named Bowles, who also weakened Milfort's influence. That worthy was called home by the French Revolution, and according to his own story, had almost persuaded Bonaparte to an expedition against the Creek country, that might have made a great difference in American history. But enemies nearer home distracted the great white chief's attention ; and Milfort stayed in Europe to be killed by Cossacks in 1814.

We Britons may congratulate ourselves that our private conquerors have usually shown a more practical temper, content with the substance rather than the show of power, like the Ross family, whose forbear made himself "King of the Cocos Islands," establishing there a profitable trade in cocoanut oil along with a beneficently civilizing despotism. The most flourishing rule *in partibus* has been that of the Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, whose founder did such good service to the world in putting down Malay and Dyak piracy, by which for a time he earned less goodwill among his own countrymen than among his conquered subjects. But his story is too grand a one to be told at the tail of this article ; and not long ago our pages gave an account of his state, still well ruled by a dynasty that has taken firm root, while so many other attempts at self-made kingship came to nought.

The Long Labrador Trail.

By HESKETH PRICHARD.

Explorers and geographers are so apt to bewail the so-called "shrinkage of the globe" that the ordinary reader is inclined to take this as a geographical axiom, and to assume that there are few countries left for conquest by the professional or scientific traveller. Such a sweeping generalization requires, of course, considerable modification. There remain plenty of "white patches" in the atlas of the world, without considering the vast unexplored spaces in South America—in the vast interior of Brazil and Bolivia, for instance. Is there not the interior of Arabia and Central Australia, not to mention the Riviera Hinterland!

But a very significant white patch is Labrador, a country which is, in a sense, almost at our doorstep—indeed, the shores of this almost untrodden land are in view of every passenger from Liverpool to Quebec.

It is curious, indeed, that the country which has peculiar claims on British explorers should have been so neglected by travellers. Did not Sebastian Cabot, to all intents and purposes an Englishman, discover the country? For, as every schoolboy knows, Labrador was that portion of the North American continent which was first trodden by a European.

It was, then, a distinctly happy thought on the part of the enterprising proprietors of *Fry's Magazine* to commission Mr. Hesketh Prichard, F.R.G.S. (who has won his spurs as an explorer in Patagonia and Hayti), to conduct an expedition into the Labrador Hinterland, and to investigate this unexplored country, lying on the very threshold of the oldest British colony. Hitherto only the fringes of this vast territory have been explored, chiefly by Moravian missionaries. I am very glad then, that, thanks to the courtesy of the proprietors and editor of *Fry's Magazine*, who have kindly furnished me with advance proofs of the article appearing in the February number, I am enabled to print the greater part of the February instalment dealing with Mr. Hesketh Prichard's remarkable journey.—Editor.

We left Nain on our attempt to cross Eastern Labrador to the George River on July 23rd at a little before eight o'clock in the morning. The entire population had gathered on the wooden wharf to see us off. The Eskimos (with the exception of the old hunter, Philippus, who had drawn a rough map for us on the previous day) made no secret of their opinion

that the only possible route was up Frank's Brook and along the Indian trail, and when they heard that we had decided to try instead the unexplored Fraser River, they told us clearly and pointedly that we should fail miserably, and be forced to return and sail south to follow the Frank's Brook route after all. For that is the way by which the Indians come down to the coast. "And the Indians know," said the Eskimo. "Now you will go to the head of the bay and across the first big lake, then perhaps a little way up the river; but soon, when the river breaks into many streams flowing between great rocks, you will turn back." We suggested that we might be able to pack up the gorge of the river valley, and so, as it was certain the river flowed from somewhere, we might by good luck reach another lake.

"But you cannot pack up that valley," they assured us, "for it is steep, and choked with alder scrub; and the trees grow too thickly among great stones. You will never reach the George that way."

We pushed off in the trap-boat. A light wind was blowing from the east, which made it necessary to use the huge sweeps at starting, but which would later, if it held, give us a fair breeze up Nunaingoak Bay. For a long time, until we rounded the point, the Eskimos remained watching us, and as we turned north one or two waved their hands to us. I think they believed we had early earned failure.

And now before I go further I will try in as few words as possible to make clear what we had set out to do.

Between the Atlantic and the George River lies a district of between forty thousand and fifty thousand square miles, which, except along the Indian trail, has never been explored. Even the heads of the bays and fiords are uncharted, and, indeed, the Fraser River is placed on all the best maps as discharging into the Bay instead of into Nunaingoak. The George—or as the Indians, both Montagnais and Naskopis, call it, the Barren-ground River—flows from south to north, having its source not far from the great lake of Michikamau. It is further north on this river, at Indian House Lake, that the Naskopis, or Barren-ground people, have their tepees and make their traditional caribou-killing, as the herds, on their annual migration, cross the river.

All previous attempts to reach Indian House Lake have been made in canoes either by way of the Naskopi River or the George itself, or by the Indian portage route along Frank's Brook. My plan, or scheme, to reach the George differed from any other in that it practically eliminated canoe travel.

After penetrating as deep into the country by water as fortune would permit, I intended to *cache* our canoes, and to proceed with light packs of forty pounds or fifty pounds per man at a pace which would reduce the time necessary for canoe travel, with its long portages and relays, to perhaps a third. This plan seemed to me quite feasible, though it was not so considered in Labrador, where expert opinion seemed practically agreed that though we might possibly reach the George in this fashion, the problem would be to make our way out again, as we should exhaust all the provisions we could carry on the way in. In a word, we should certainly starve in the interior, as hundreds of Indians and Eskimo have starved before us. We were reminded of the sad fate of Leonidas Hubbard, who attempted to reach Indian House Lake in 1903, taking only a small stock of food, and who died of starvation on the Susan River.

No expedition, we were told, could succeed that did not carry food enough from the coast to sustain its members during the whole of their stay inland. We, however, having thought out the matter most carefully, and in the light of my previous experience of Labrador travel, came to the conclusion that, either on the way in or out from the George, we should be unlucky if we were unable by means of rod or rifle to make a sufficient addition to the flour and bacon we would carry with us to keep on the hither side of starvation. There was perhaps some element of chance in this plan ; but then no company of Eskimo ever started out into the interior in the olden days without that drawback. They went forward in their sledges over the ice,until they found the deer,and if their provisions and the dog-food became exhausted before they reached the herds, the worst happened ; and the tribe by the coast waited for the hunters' return in vain.

Our project was simply a translation of the old-time native winter hunt to summer conditions—with this in our favour, that in summer the probabilities of finding sustenance in the country would not be confined to meeting with caribou, but our larder might at any time be replenished by fish and fowl.

On the night of the twenty-fifth we finally anchored the trap-boat, fifty miles from Nain at the western end of the large nameless lake of the Fraser River. This lake is on an average two miles wide and some twenty to twenty-five miles long. As we sailed up it the cliffs on either side bulked larger and higher, until they were well over one thousand feet in height, and when the sun disappeared behind them, which it did early

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Sledging on Sea Ice, near Nain, Labrador.

[Copyright Moravian Missions.

Killinek, Labrador.

in the afternoon, their dark shadows thrown across the water made a scene of cold beauty.

Throughout the day, in spite of the wind and the fact that we were out upon the water, the mosquitoes continued with us. If it blew hard they alighted on the lee-side of the sail, and the moment the wind lulled got to their work. With them came numbers of deer-flies, an insect about half an inch long, which made itself felt when it bit. All day we carried these unwelcome passengers, which found some splendid opportunities of torturing us ; as, for instance, when we were " tracking " the lilac skiff through the fast tidal narrows at the head of the lakes. However, at last pulley-haul, we got the heavy boat to a safe anchorage in a sandy reach of the Fraser, stowed her sails, and anchored her bow and stern.

I left the others preparing the canoes for the morrow, and walked up the north bank of the Fraser. The valley of the river at this point is wide and sandy, and I found the old tracks of bear, wolf, and fox. Later I climbed some high ground near the camp and saw the river valley stretching away almost due west, the cliffs seemed still to be growing higher and higher, while the low ground was densely wooded with black and white spruce, as well as birch, juniper, and alder, some of the trunks of the latter being as thick as a man's leg. Indeed, so dense was the undergrowth that I was reminded of the words of the Eskimo, " You cannot pack up that valley, for the trees grow too thickly together." Were we travelling on to an *impasse* ? Well, as to that time alone could show.

Next morning rain was falling, a cold and heavy rain ; but, notwithstanding, we got off in fair time and made a good day. Porter, who is an expert, and Hardy went in one canoe, Boaz Obed, the Eskimo, and myself in the other. As Boaz had never been in a canoe before, and I—though I have travelled a good deal in these craft—do not pretend to any skill, it seemed likely the pair of us might have a fairly exciting time. This turned out to be the case, and we were more than once on the verge of upsetting, especially after the first few miles, for the river then grew rapid and shallow, running down hill over a wide, stony bed in several streams. But by using extreme care, and by dint of continually getting out and wading, we finished the day without accident. Truth to say, an upset could not have made us much wetter than we were, for the rain beat strongly upon us, both morning and afternoon, and the wading was often deep and the stones slippery. The mosquitoes also were with us, and revelled in the fact that for such quick water work we could not wear

our veils, and the tar and oil was useless, since it washed off in the rain, and ran down into our eyes, temporarily blinding us.

. . . . . .

All the way along the Fraser the cliffs on either side had been rising in height till they narrowed to a mighty gorge. We had noticed one or two possible outlets ; but these being on the north side were of no use to us, for we wished to emerge on the south of the river, where the lie of the land seemed more favourable. At last we found a deep rift leading in the right direction, and climbed up to it to explore its possibilities.

Not a day or night passed as we came up the Fraser without some huge mass of rocks falling from the cliffs into the valley ; but nowhere had these landslides been so frequent as in the ravine we were now exploring. We were obliged to move with care, the footing on the screes being very uncertain, a single step sometimes sending tons of rock cannonading to the bottom, through which rolled a small torrent. Below us in the gut of the valley, alder, spruce, and dwarf birch grew among the reindeer moss and the boulders. After pushing up this defile for about a mile and a half we abandoned the idea of attempting to climb through it, handicapped as we should be by our packs, and we were about to turn back when Hardy spied a black bear on the opposite cliff-side. The animal was about two hundred and fifty yards away, and try as we might we could approach no nearer to it, which was perhaps a relief to our feelings. for to find oneself within easy shot of a bear without a rifle—well, no more need be said.

Next day we went on up the Fraser, Hardy and Porter working the canoe, while I started to cut across Bear Ravine in the hope of seeing the bear, and perhaps securing what we were beginning to crave for, in spite of fish and squirrels, a good supply of fresh meat. Scarcely, however, had Hardy and Porter started than Hardy, who was " tracking," slipped, and Porter lost control of the canoe as it was passing through some very fast water, and in another minute it had filled, and was being carried rapidly down stream. Porter had rushed into the water, and was trying to pull the canoe to land, when he and it were swept over a rapid into a deep hole. At once the bags containing our outfit were dotted all over the surface of the river, the canoe was bottom upwards, and Porter had disappeared.

I had an excellent view of the whole disaster, as I had gone ahead, and when the canoe upset was some three hundred yards above it. While I was rushing down to their help, and after as it seemed to me an age, Porter's head came into sight again, and he scrambled ashore. It had

been a very close call for him, as an eddy had taken him under and battered him against the rocks. Meantime, Hardy had run down stream, and I could see him like a man possessed dashing about in the shallows, making salvage of our goods. Before I could get near him Porter had turned the water out of the canoe, which had been driven into the bank, and started back towards our old camp to aid in the salvage operations.

I was unluckily not on the side of the river towards which the current set, and, seeing that I could be of no use to the others, I hurried back to the camp and lit a large fire, as the snow-fed river was bitterly cold, and I knew it would be needed presently. Before long Porter came up in the canoe, and shouted that he did not think much was lost, except his own bundle, Hardy's rifle, and one of the bags. Later on we recovered the bundle and the bag, and wonderful to say, our only losses in this untimely accident were limited to Hardy's .303 rifle, a .22 of mine, two gun-covers, and a cleaning-rod ; added to which, though at the time we did not know it, some of Hardy's films were damaged. On the whole I doubt if ever an expedition got out of an awkward mischance more cheaply.

I lit a second large fire, and soon everything was drying nicely, when heavy rain came on. This about filled up our cup of misfortunes for that particular day.

In the afternoon Hardy saw a bear and fired two very long shots at it, rather with the idea of scaring it towards me in the camp than with any hope of killing it at such a distance.

Next morning we were up early, intent on a second attempt to get through the rapid water that had undone us. First Porter surveyed it in the empty canoe, and while doing this saw Hardy's rifle glimmering far below. It was sunk to a depth of many feet, and the current above it was so fast that all idea of regaining it had for the time to be given up, though when the river receded we had hopes of recovering it as, from what the Eskimo told us, we knew that there had been a month or so of pretty continuous rain in that locality, and the river was, therefore, much higher than it usually is at that season.

After Porter's reconnaissance, we loaded up the canoe, and spent the whole of daylight in tracking and poling her up stream, only to find late in the afternoon that the further course of the river was quite unnavigable. We found ourselves about abreast of Bear Ravine, and we made camp in the mouth of it. That night we had to decide on one of two alternatives. On the one hand we could pack up the bed of the Fraser in search of a less

precipitous outlet on the south. In the river bed, however, the alder scrub grew so thick that we should have to cut our way through, and also make several relays. On the other hand, we could attempt to push on by way of Bear Ravine. We inclined to the latter, and we arranged that next day Porter should climb the valley to reconnoitre, while Hardy and I went out to look for meat. And this plan we carried out, but our hunt proved unsuccessful, for we saw nothing more interesting than a squirrel. After nightfall Porter joined us in the camp. It appeared that after a break-neck climb he had reached the top of the ravine, and come out upon a great rolling plateau. There he had seen in the distance a doe caribou, and also a fine " lead " of lakes trending south-west. He thought that with time and patience we might be able to get up through Bear Ravine ; and then he astonished us by saying that he intended, if I agreed, to carry up the canoe.

This really extraordinary feat he set to work to accomplish on the morning of August 5th, and it brought about the curious incident which follows.

Rising very early he cleared a road with his axe through the undergrowth near the camp, and had carried the canoe across the torrent, finally laying it down, and turning it over on a steep hummock, quite one hundred feet high, which was situated on the east side of Bear Ravine Torrent. There he left it, and returned to camp to a breakfast, in the preparation of which Hardy and I had collaborated. Having eaten our meal we started again, Hardy and I carrying each forty pounds of flour, my rifle, and some other kit. We passed along the little path Porter had cut, and were crossing the torrent at a ford, when I, who happened to be walking last, looked up suddenly, and saw on the high ground above me not only the canoe, but a bear, which stood beside it staring at it intently. I warned the other two, and we all sank to the ground where we were—I on a boulder in the middle of the stream.

The bear was right above and about one hundred and twenty yards from me. My rifle was in its case, but in a minute I had it out, and, believing the bear must see us in another second, I took a hasty aim, and fired. The bullet hit the bear, passing in at the foreleg, and coming out behind the ribs. The animal lost its balance, and came crashing down the cliff, regained its feet, and vanished into a patch of alders. At the shot Porter sprang up, and, axe in hand, ran like a berserk into the underbrush after the bear. Meantime I climbed up the slope on which it had been standing, and from the top of which I thought I might command the

exit from the patch of alders. Soon, however, I spied Porter far up the valley. He was obviously still on the trail, and, indeed, a few moments later I saw the bear break cover in front of him.

Upon this I began to run up the valley over the screes, and about three-quarters of a mile away found Porter seated upon a rock. I was inclined to be annoyed with him for following the bear so quickly, as, left to itself, it must have lain down and been approachable. Porter explained that, though the bear had lain down two or three times, it soon got up again, and as the ground-tracking was difficult he had thought it better to keep it in sight. It had eventually entered a cave, which Porter pointed out to me. He told me that at one time in the alders he was "so handy" to the bear, he might have struck it with the axe, but did not do so—wisely, I think.

I went on to the cave, which had a very narrow opening, and, peering in, I saw the bear standing up and growling. It was about eight feet from me, but the cave being very dark, and my own body excluding all the light from the entrance, I could not see the barrel of my rifle. I was also much more afraid of the bullet ricochetting from the rock wall than I was of the bear. As I fired the bear stumbled off a flat rock on which he had been standing, and moved back deeper into the cave. To the best of my belief that bullet missed. There was a large rock at the end of the cave, and the bear retreated to the shelter of this, and, as well as I could gather from the sounds, lay down.

As the brute remained very much alive, and vocally resented our intrusion, Porter and Hardy decided to go back for their packs, while I stayed to make sure that he did not come out and make off. About half an hour after they had left me, as I no longer heard the bear move, I crawled into the cave; but not knowing how far the cave extended, I began to fear I might lose the bear after all, and so crawled out again to cut a pole of alder, to which I lashed my knife. Again entering the cave I began with my improvised spear to feel about for the bear behind the big rock. To do this I had to advance several feet inside the cave, and at the first poke I got a surprise, for the bear—which was by no means dead—crawled out round the rock, and for the moment actually got between me and the entrance.

It seemed, however, more frightened of me than I of it—or perhaps it was too hard hit to show fight—at any rate it backed in again under the rock, and lay there, growling and snarling. Finding I could not make out in the darkness how it was lying, and so could not use my knife, I got out

of the cave as hastily as might be, after which, seated on the rocks among the mosquitoes, I waited for the bear's wounds to grow stiff. Had I been able to use my knife I should certainly have put the animal out of his pain, for it was a disgusting sensation to sit there waiting for it to die. As fate would have it, there was nothing else to do in this case ; thus, after about two hours the groaning and growling grew faint, and presently the bear was dead.

The only instance within my knowledge of a black bear doing severe injury to a man occurred in Newfoundland, where Reuben Lewis, the present chief of the Mic-mac Indians was badly hurt in an encounter with one.

When my companions returned we dragged the carcase into the daylight. It proved to be a very old animal, and weighed well over two hundred pounds. We set to work at once to gralloch and cut it up ; in spite of its age it was in good condition, and—like the fat boy in *Pickwick* over the rook—we gloated over its plumpness.

We soon finished with the bear, and then pushed on up the ravine. Porter and I tackled the canoe, Hardy packed eighty pounds of flour, while I carried also the one precious rifle left to us. Difficult as portaging the canoe would have been in any circumstances, it was rendered doubly so by the fact that a wind sprang up, which continually caught and overbalanced it. It is no easy matter for one man to portage a canoe over really bad ground, but for two men, especially if there be a marked difference in their heights, it becomes almost impossible. And, in fact, there was little that I could do beyond shout to Porter to stand firm and seize the end of the canoe to prevent its swinging round whenever a gust struck it.

In this way we climbed the defile, which grew steeper as we ascended. The whole distance was from two and a half to three miles, the gradient becoming gradually sharper as we mounted ; but much the worst spot was beside the second waterfall of the torrent, for here the chaos of rocks had only recently fallen from the cliff above, and had not yet settled. More than once these great fragments slipped and overbalanced as Porter only just stepped clear with the canoe. First and last it was the nastiest bit of walking I have ever done, and we were glad enough when late in the afternoon we left the defile behind us, and laid down the canoe in a little mosquito-haunted glen. Our faces were streaming with blood from the bites of the insects, and we felt wearily tired by evening, when, carrying the bear-meat, we again reached our camp on the banks of the Fraser.

The Philosophy of Travel.

By COMTE D'USSEL.

The taste for travel which has made such great strides in the last half-century or so may be partly attributed to the striking advance made during that period in the conditions of locomotion—speed, comfort and economy, which are the three most important conditions essential to the popularization of travel.

Towards the middle of last century, when railways were started in Europe, the stage coaches or diligences soon began to disappear; and up to that time these were practically the only public conveyances. There were also mail coaches for the mails, which travelled more rapidly and charged higher fares, but owing to their comparative lightness, could only take two or three passengers. Of course, the most costly post-chaise was the mode of transport for rich travellers. This vehicle was drawn by post-horses and the owner remained his own master as regards its departure and stoppages. In 1848 the diligence took sixty hours to travel the distance of six hundred and eighty-five kilometres by road from Paris to Bordeaux. The mail coach only occupied thirty-six hours, representing a mean rate of nine-and-a-half kilometres per hour for the diligence and fifteen-and-a-half kilometres for the mail coach.

The fare per kilometre was :—For the diligence 16 centimes (about 1½d.) in the *coupé*, 14 centimes inside and 11 centimes (about 1d.) in the *rotonde*. In the mail coach the fares were higher. Travelling in a post-chaise costs, on an average, under ordinary conditions, 20 centimes (2d.) per kilometre, that is double the price of the *rotonde*. To this expense must be added the cost of food during the sixty hours occupied by the journey from Paris to Bordeaux.

People who travelled by diligence in their youth will never forget certain nights passed in the narrow compartments, wedged in between travellers, without any support for the head for those who had not been lucky enough to obtain corner seats, without any possible means of stretching their legs and without warmth or light. No traveller nowadays, even accustomed to third-class accommodation on railways, would submit to the discomfort of these ancient vehicles.

The advent of railways revolutionized all these conditions, and they, too, rapidly improved. Even as early as 1853 express trains from Paris

to Bordeaux travelled at a rate per hour which, including stoppages, reached fifty-three kilometres: and this for the five hundred and eighty-eight kilometres traversed gave eleven hours for the journey, five-and-a-half times as fast as the sixty hours by the diligence. Now the rate is eighty-two kilometres by the fastest train, taking only seven hours twenty minutes, and seventy-five kilometres by the ordinary express trains doing the distance in eight hours, that is, say, eight-and-a-half times as quickly as the diligence.

Railway fares are 11 centimes per kilometre first class; 7½ centimes second class; and 5 centimes third class; that is, less than half of the diligence fare third class and two-thirds of the same price for first class, without taking into account the reduction in expenses for food.

The rates and the normal fares are subject in many cases to considerable reductions. To attract travellers railway companies have invented return tickets, trains for excursions, pilgrimages, holidays, etc., offering facilities which tempt people to travel. Passengers are provided with increasing comforts; corridor carriages, compartments for ladies, for smokers, toilet and lavatory accommodation, restaurant and sleeping cars, electric light, ventilation in the summer, heating during the winter.

On the sea and by river, similar progress has been achieved. Steam has trebled the average rate of sailing vessels, and in the case of express steamers the increase in speed has been considerably greater and is daily increasing.

The large liners are luxuriously furnished; travellers find on board comforts which the greater part of them do not get at home. The competing companies rival each other in attentions, each according to the means and character of their nationality.

A passenger going from Europe to America, when not troubled with sea-sickness, can also, on these huge modern steamers, spend a very agreeable week in enjoying the spectacle of the cosmopolitan population around him, and give himself up, surrounded by luxurious furniture and in the midst of the utmost comfort, to all the amusements compatible with the ordinary movement of the ship.

Ocean voyages in pleasure yachts, apart from public steamers, can only be enjoyed by those with long purses; they have multiplied also with the development of riches; but these, however, have not become less costly. Yachts perfectly equipped for long journeys, provided with large crews, veritable vessels of luxury, now make the tour of the globe and approach very close to the poles. These voyages enjoy all the advantages of the

progress in the art of navigation, and utilise above all the art of the engineer and the naval architect; they are in any case exceptional voyages.

Two machines which have recently added new facilities to travelling on roads are the motor-car and the bicycle. The motor-car serves to-day to cover rapidly great distances, and often replaces the railway. It partakes of the character of the post-chaise and the railway; of the post-chaise in that the traveller starts and stops when he pleases; of the railway in its mechanical propulsion and its speed; and yet it depends not on an iron road, but on a system of good highways. The motor-car goes where the railway cannot go, and is admirably suited to countries of ancient civilization, where the routes have preceded railways by a long way, and which are already provided with a good system of ordinary roads; it restores to them a portion of their former importance.

The motor-car is the vehicle of the rich; its price is still very high, its use very expensive. But this price is destined to diminish when a more extended manufacture of more definitely arranged models will allow of all the unchangeable parts being made in larger quantities. It will still further diminish when cheaper and more lasting material for the tyres has been discovered. It is probable that in the near future the motor-car will be placed within the reach of people of moderate means, and therefore play a still more important rôle in traffic.

If the motor-car goes where the railway cannot venture, the bicycle goes farther than the motor-car. It has become universally used; it requires no width for its track; it can be embarked, disembarked, taken as luggage, and carried in the arms over difficult places with the greatest ease. It is exceptionally useful to scour the country within a certain radius of a railway station. It mobilises an enormous number of tourists who, without it, would have remained at home, and would not have undertaken the fatigue of journeys on foot, too slow for their hurried curiosity.

This state of affairs, in its entirety, shows in a striking manner what a revolution has taken place during the last half century in the *régime* of transportation and what facilities for travelling it affords. When we can go in less than a night from Paris to Bordeaux, to Lyons, to Strasburg, to Geneva, to Turin; in a few hours to Brussels or London; in five days to New York; in eleven to San Francisco, we are forcibly attracted towards those journeys formerly only within the reach of the idle rich. The principal reason that weighs with us is the economy of time. If the purchasing power of money has diminished in the present day, the

productive power of time has considerably increased. Time was formerly by many people considered as spendable at discretion: it is still so regarded in those southern climes where the heat of the sun dulls activity. But in temperate climates, such as ours, it becomes more and more precious for everyone. The busy people in this world can only devote limited time to travelling, and they only decide upon it if an extensive programme can be comprised within a short period, that is to say, if rapidity is offered to them.

So speed becomes on earth and sea the object of all the demands of the public and of the researches of the engineers. The tendency is to accelerate movement. Railway trains travel quicker and quicker. The roads are dotted with motor-cars travelling at top speed; cyclists pass along them like a flash compared with foot passengers.

Travellers on foot form a very small proportion of the main streams of tourist traffic, and are only met with in mountainous countries; they only use the machinery, of which we have described the marvellous progress, as the means wherewith to reach their starting points. None the less do they form a very interesting category whose habits have also undergone a transformation. When he finds a good road the pedestrian generally bestrides a bicycle and becomes a cyclist; he changes into the category of machine-propelled travellers. The greater number of the former pedestrians have become the cyclists of to-day. On the other hand the principal footpaths of Switzerland have given place to rack and pinion or funicular mountain railways. The routes traversed by pedestrians have changed their place. Furthermore, climbers abound round the high summits, the bases of which these very railways enable us to reach more easily.

Alpinism, a superior kind of journey on foot, is of comparatively recent invention. Mountains, so to speak, have scarcely been discovered more than a century; previously only a few hunters ventured on them. The highest summits possessing neither fauna nor flora remained unapproached as possessing as little interest as the depths of the ocean. Naturalists, such as Saussure in the Alps and Ramond in the Pyrenees first undertook to examine the mountain and wrest its secrets. We are indebted to them for the first-known ascents, for they alone, who knew how to speak or write about it, could make the mountain loved. Their stories persuaded after having astonished and attracted a few amateurs. At last the English discovered a sport therein, and that nation during nearly fifty years produced the most celebrated Alpinists, all geographers;

men of muscle, like Whymper in the Alps and Russell in the Pyrenees, or men of science, at the same time as men of muscle, like the celebrated Dr. Tyndall. To-day, Alpinists are of all countries, of all professions, of all ages, and of both sexes. They invade the mountains each summer, like the waves of an ever-flowing tide. Europe has even become too small for these indefatigable climbers. They penetrate everywhere, in the Caucasus, in India, in North and South America, in New Zealand, and recently an Italian prince has scaled the mountains in the centre of Africa.

In old Europe, the mountains have now been classified and labelled ; they all have their history, even a sad one, of the successful or unsuccessful attempts of which they have been the object. The preceding generation considered the Faulhorn, the Rigi, Pilatus, as well worthy of attention. Who would now-a-days dare to utter the name of these pigmies in a company of real Alpinists ? An Alpinist who is deserving of the name is only interested in the ascents that are declared impossible, and a mountain reputed to be virgin becomes disqualified as soon as she has suffered some celebrated violation. She can only keep in favour by causing the death from time to time of some unlucky tourist who has started in doubtful weather. And what still preserves to some summits formerly held to be invincible, but recently scaled, a shadow of prestige, are certain peaks that have not been ascended. When these last strongholds of their old reputation have fallen, these mountains will be given over—poor fallen peaks !—to beginners and to the common people, in the meantime waiting for the finishing stroke to be dealt them by the rack and pinion railway. Happily for their dignity and for the emulation of the Alpinists the Alps defend themselves ; unfortunately, sometimes for human life, they defend themselves only too well.

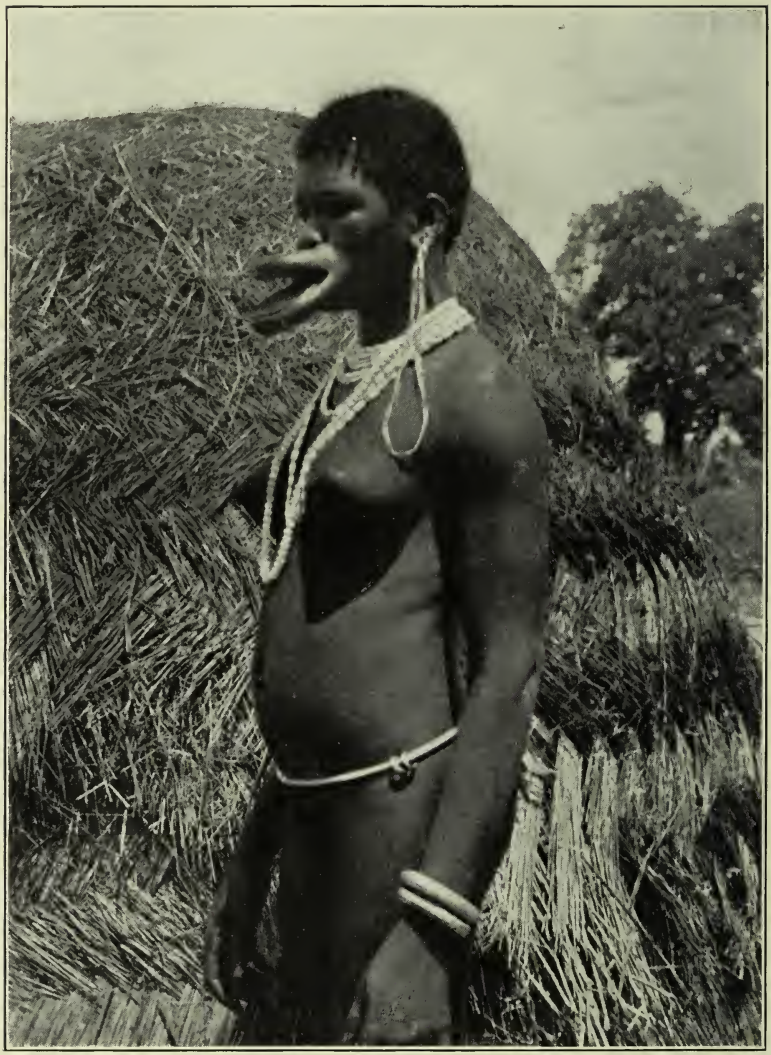
For the ever-increasing number of tourists means of information and guides are necessary ; and they are to be found in the special works which form the series of guide-books, in tourist agencies, in the assistance rendered by certain associations, such as the Touring Club de France, the Alpine Club and other similar institutions.

The first tourists were without the help of these useful aids. They were usually men belonging to the upper classes, sometimes commercial men, whom certain relations of politics, business or pleasure had made known in their capital to foreigners who had visited them and on whom they reckoned to receive and direct them when, in their turn, they made return visits. Well received because they were well educated and men

of means, and being few in number, and considered as objects of curiosity, which made them sought after, they travelled agreeably without hurry, a little at sea with regard to recommendations and often going astray if their aim was to see everything. But they had not then the modern ambition of the contemporary tourist who would be often very much humiliated if, on his return, he was accused and found guilty of having omitted anything.

When the middle classes, and even the common people, found travelling brought within their means and acquired a taste for it, it became necessary to direct these numerous tourists who thus ventured into the heart of a foreign country, usually without knowing the language. And that is what was undertaken—and very successfully undertaken—by Murray, Baedeker, Conty, Joanne, Black, and Cook, authors of those guide books which are in the hands of all and of which all tourists make use. Thanks to their directions the traveller who gets out of the train knows where he is to go ; the employment of his time which he arranges for himself is based upon information so precise that he does not experience any hesitation, encounter any difficulty, nor meet with any disappointment. Maps of the country and plans of the towns render it unnecessary for him to ask his way in a language of which he is ignorant. He knows beforehand the cost of his stay and of his movements. History and artistic information, concise and precise, is intermingled with practical hints, and points out to him everything that is to be seen in the buildings and museums and even the points of view from which landscapes should be admired. The guide calls his attention to certain curiosities, modifies it to others, classifies them according to their degree of interest or the exigencies of their reputation, turns away from those that may well be omitted by the traveller who has no time to spare, in fact undertakes at the same time and on the spot the artistic education of the reader.

There is something still better than the guide-book for a certain category of tourists who are not so well prepared : there is the tourist agency, which is the book-made man and the man-made pilot. If the book enables the traveller to dispense with direct enquiries, the agency enables him to dispense with even reading the book. It assembles its clients at the start, embarks them, disembarks them, feeds them, takes them about, gives them verbal explanations in their own language, disposes of their whole time, settles for everything at prices arranged beforehand, and brings them back, sometimes bewildered, but, at all events satisfied, to the railway which takes them home again.



153 [Photo from "Hausaland to Egypt."

A Sara-Kabba woman with Beak face.

The great agencies command all the available resources and place them at the disposal of their clients. Who does not remember the case of the Emperor of Germany, desirous of making a tour in Palestine, in royal state, and obliged to have recourse, like the ordinary tourist, to Cook's agency to furnish him and his suite with provisions and the means of transport, which his imperial stewards could not procure for him? Palestine and Egypt are the countries where it has most firmly established its protectorate. Travelling there was difficult; it takes all the difficulties on its own shoulders. In Palestine it furnishes dragomans, carriages, horses, provisions, escorts, camping outfits. In Egypt it has a flotilla of boats which ply to and fro on the Nile waters, stopping at the principal stations with the regularity of railway trains. The protection of its flag is worth as much to its client as that of their consul, and the practical aid given them is worth a great deal more. When curiosity becomes a want, its object has a value. Now, all values are capable of being exploited. Cook's agency has organized the business of touring in a marvellous manner, and the tourist finds his advantage therein, quite as much as Cook's agency itself. Under the agency's maternal care, he feels himself relieved from the ennui of railway travelling, and he journeys like a lord who has no care for his daily expenditure and relies on his steward with regard to them.

The independent kind of traveller, anxious for his liberty before everything else, the scholar who wishes to study, the artist who wants to paint, the capricious person who wants to stop where he pleases, will not accept the yoke of the agencies. But these are exceptional travellers. The tourist is the traveller of the average type, and tourist agencies are made for the ordinary class of tourist; to them they offer in those distant lands the immense advantage of avoiding daily pre-occupations and relieving them from tedious details which would absorb their attention, and transform a pleasure trip into quite an expedition, full of difficulties to be surmounted, and the solution of which would occupy all their thoughts.

There are three principal objects which excite the curiosity of the traveller: men, towns, and nature. Each journey to be undertaken includes, in its promises, each of these three elements of interest, in different proportions, according to circumstances, and the traveller himself is more or less drawn by his own tastes towards one or the other of these attractions.

To travel, and at the same time mix, with the inhabitants of a country

otherwise than in the street, to go into their homes, to study their manners and customs, their institutions even, like the legislators of ancient times in search of a model, constitute the highest degree of travelling ; but it is beyond the reach of the greater number. The ordinary person is reduced to the necessity of judging men according to what he sees superficially. In consequence he acquires, by premature generalization, the most erroneous ideas, such as the legendary red hair of the woman of Blois, proclaimed by an Englishman of the last century who had met one of that colour ! Only those who have resided in a country for a certain period can know it well. The business people who take up their abode there, those who have a certain mission to perform, and who travel in a country for the purpose of study after having learnt the language, all these penetrate more or less into the public or social life of a country. Even *their* powers of observation are restricted by the limits of their particular business, which reduces in general the circle of their relations to the class of people corresponding to their specialities. It is given to very few to be able to travel in the " grand manner," to have the means to do so, and, more than that, to bring to bear upon it a sufficiently sound experience of men and things to know how to utilize them.

The tourist, properly so called, does not ask for all this. He is satisfied with remarking as regards men that which is fresh to him in their appearance and picturesque in their physique. He appreciates their differences with regard to himself in proportion as they are great. He does not try to go beyond the outer human covering, and he contents himself, generally speaking, with the inspection, always easy, of sights and monuments.

What we may call landscape countries are within the reach of all travellers. There are landscape countries just as there are countries of museums and monuments. Switzerland is assuredly typical of the former. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the north of Italy, Norway and Scotland offer to the traveller more especially sights to admire. Everybody can enjoy these, the uneducated as well as the intellectual : blasé people themselves, who travel by way of distraction without looking at anything in particular, experience a real pleasure—idle and indifferent as they may be—when they find themselves in view of a lovely landscape.

Towns mark the stages of a journey, and often form their principal object. Their character is extremely varied. Every town has its essential parts, of which the *ensemble* constitutes its structure : it has its natural surroundings, its streets, its promenades, its monuments, ancient and modern. There is often a river, and then there are quays, bridges,

but always its moving population within. The beauty of any one of these parts suffices to invest a town with some interest to the tourist. The simultaneous beauty of several of these characteristics allows it to be classed among the most remarkable to be visited. There are towns of all kinds. Venice, Edinburgh and Amsterdam are absolutely original and bear no resemblance to any others. Paris charms by its proportions and magnificent monuments, and offers the most harmonious type of beauty for a modern capital. Rome, Naples, Genoa, Florence, and the other "show cities" of Italy have their associations, their monuments, their museums; Palermo, Constantinople, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro and Sydney their framework of sea and mountain; the towns of Spain their strange Arab or Gothic buildings; Madrid, Munich and Dresden their museums. Athens has its Acropolis and its celebrated ruins. Carcassonne, Aigues-Mortes, Avila have their ramparts; Nuremburg its old houses; Kyoto its lacquered temples; Agra its Taj Mahal; Delhi its fort. Then there are others whose beauty is made or created by a lovely river, such as Bordeaux, Rouen, Avignon, and the Rhine towns; and everywhere in countries of art and ancient civilization are secondary towns often rich in interesting and even magnificent monuments deserving of a visit on their own account.

A certain culture of mind is necessary to appreciate a town fully; a monument cannot be understood without having some acquaintance with architecture and history. The size and the richness of the decorations, it is true, produce a profound impression on all. The pyramids of Egypt, the towers of Notre Dame, the Acropolis, the Colosseum, the sculptures of Rheims Cathedral, the mosaics of Byzantine churches appeal to all eyes. But beyond these effects of size or of exuberant richness, the memory retains no precise souvenir of a monument of which one knows neither the history nor the rank it holds among its neighbours. A picture-gallery makes still less impression on those who know nothing of painting. We cannot help thinking of the person in the farce, a merchant by trade who, travelling in Italy, complained of not having seen anything in the picture galleries but "Holy families or portraits of people you do not know"! How much more numerous to-day are the amateurs of this kind whom circular tickets and the agencies send into the picture galleries of the whole world, which they go through with rapid step and inspect with a distracted air!

Many tourists only judge of towns by their general aspect and the comfort of their hotels; these are the materialists of travel. The gaiety

of the promenades, the beauty of the trees, the brightness of the shops the early activity of the market, with its instructive originality, the spectacle of the streets and the population circulating through them, busy in English or American towns, loitering in towns of southern Europe, the circulation of day or evening, according to the climate or season, or even at night under the starry sky of Andalusia, suffice for the curiosity of the greater number, and leave, in their minds, a more lively souvenir than the monuments, the cathedrals, or the architecture of old houses lost to view in deserted quarters.

Countries without a past, without history, without national art, countries called new, do not, of course, offer the same interest as the countries of ancient civilization. The regions bordering the Mediterranean Sea, cradles of religions, centres of modern civilization, where so many brilliant centuries of history have passed, attract the intellectual person and the artist in a different way to the industrial towns of the new world with their physiognomy of a human ant-hill in activity. And so it will be, so long as superior instruction is given to youth and history truly taught him, so long as in the name of equality with regard to knowledge, an elementary education is not the only one permitted, and a breath of barbarism from below has not carried away the souvenirs and traces of this illustrious past.

By the side of these picturesque countries recommended by the *éclat* of their history and the wonders of their national art, no less than their value being recorded by the literature of all ages, there are many countries which owe the best part of their reputation to a writer's talent.

It may be asked what would a journey to Spain be for a traveller who had never heard of the Cid, of Don Quixote, or of Gil Blas ? Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier have continued the hymn that had been sung in honour of Spain by so many of their literary predecessors. That country, whose appearance has more character than beauty, which astonishes more than it attracts ; these people who are not artists, but who are artistic in themselves, who do not practice art, but who are art in action ; has always inspired novelists, musicians and poets. Of Spain they have given us a vision which the reality does not belie, but which reality alone would be powerless to evoke in unpoetic imaginations, unless sufficient culture had prepared them for it. To those minds, Spain might well seem to be merely a bare and desolate country, with dirty towns and tortuous streets, with dilapidated buildings and a country of poverty and ruins.

[Photo from "Hausaland to Egypt."

Seed sowing among the Sara.

[Photo from "Hausaland to Egypt."

A curious Agricultural Implement.

Who would appreciate Brittany as it deserves, if Chateaubriand, its bards, its poets, had not brought out the picturesqueness of its shores, the melancholy of its heaths, the infinite sadness of the sea ? What attraction would it possess, divested of the enchantment of its legends, without its knights of former days, its chouans of yesterday, its adventurous fishermen of all times ? To anyone a stranger to these souvenirs, the English Cornwall would be equally attractive. George Sand has rendered the peaceful valleys of Berry celebrated. Colomba has popularized Corsica ; Ramontcho, the Basque country. The great novelists have done more for these provinces than the polychrome posters exhibited in railway stations, and presenting in modern style the coloured advertisements of their attractions.

The literature of which we experience the impelling action at the beginning of the taste for travel, continues to foster this taste and even serves as a conclusion to many ; a number of journeys are followed by the publication of articles in magazines, or even works specially written to give an account of them. The number of these little volumes produced every year by the large publishing houses, of the well-known format and style of their firms, is increasing. They are almost inevitably accompanied by photographs, a characteristic sign of our times hungry for precision and correctness. It is surprising how, in spite of all that has been written and re-written about certain countries, contemporary authors still find something more to tell us about them.

Accounts of travels, numerous as they are to-day, scattered among periodical reviews, or concentrated in books, always find a numerous class of readers ; first of all among those who have visited the countries described or neighbouring countries. Souvenirs of travel enjoy the property of being lasting, and of occupying the mind for a long time after the journeys are ended.

This literature finds a still larger number of readers among the ranks of those who do not travel or travel no longer. Tartarin, in his home at Tarascon, surrounded by weapons and travel books, dreamt of African hunting and Alpine ascents. In France everybody, it has been said, has a touch of Tarascon. Many who have not the means or the time for travelling, travel in imagination, buy and read everything that is published on the subject of foreign countries, pride themselves on knowing them, speak about them with authority, and form a new and numerous category, that of arm-chair travellers ; these are the most faithful customers of travel literature.

ARMCHAIR TRAVEL

From the Niger to the Nile.

From Hausaland to Egypt. By Karl Kumm, Ph.D. 16s. net. Constable. 1910.

The work of Dr. Kumm deserves a more serious title than the somewhat *ad captanddum* one chosen, which might be thought to indicate a casual work of the *impressions de voyage* order. But it serves to indicate briefly the scope of the author's remarkable journey. It is a most conscientious record of geographical research and discovery, and also embodies a vast amount of information on the mineral resources of the Central Sudan, its physical features, and its natural history, in addition to entertaining fragments of tribal folk-lore.

The aims and aspirations of the writer are well shown in the preface, where he says, "the information and observations obtained in this book have been most carefully gathered, and if in any point I should have failed to secure perfect accuracy, I venture to ask the reader to assist me in the necessary correction. It is not my desire to promulgate inexactitudes, and for any assistance I may receive to prevent this, I would tender my sincere thanks."

Dr. Kumm makes some illumining observations on the different methods of administration of British, German and French officials, which deserve quotation in full. "Comparisons are odious, but in passing through territories administered by British, German and French officials, one could not but notice the differences of administration. In this all three agree, though the British and German administrators lay, perhaps, more emphasis upon it than the French, namely, that the autocratic form of Government is the most suitable for primitive races. Forced labour has been largely abolished in the British and French spheres, but is recognised and employed freely in German Adamawa. The payments made to natives are high in the British territory, lower in German, and lowest in the French regions. In road and river connections the Germans far excel, then come the British, then the French. The French are most anxious to retain the pagans as pagans, and not let them become Mohammedan. As a consequence, the pagans in the Shari-Chad Protectorate have the greatest confidence in their white administrators. This is not so in German Adamawa, nor in Northern Nigeria, where the intelligent and half civilised Moslem has secured considerable prestige, and is in many cases preferred by the Government official to

the naked bush pagan. As a consequence, the French have had more trouble with the Moslems, and the Germans and British more trouble with the pagans in their respective territories."

Dr. Kumm's information about Wadai is of great geographical value, and of especial interest at the present juncture, in view of the recent murder of Lieutenant Boyd Alexander.

"Wadai, about the size of Italy, was the last stronghold of the Mohammedan fanatics in the Central Sudan. Irreconcilable remnants of the Khalif's forces of Omdurman, of Rabba, of Dikoa, of Fadl-Allah, of the Emir of Sokoto, and others, had congregated at Wadai. El Sheikh Sinussi, from his headquarters in Borku (acknowledged as spiritual leader of the people of Wadai), had introduced into the country, by way of Tripoli and Kufra, large numbers of modern firearms, Winchesters and Lebels, as well as several cannons. The army of Wadai was reported to be armed with eight thousand new repeating rifles."

There are some remarkable illustrations in this volume of members of the Sara-Kabra tribe, which are painfully suggestive of "pantomime freaks."

"One of the Sara-Kabra chiefs, when I enquired from him the reason why they disfigured their women, informed me that their forefathers had developed this habit in order that their women might exercise no attractions for the Moslem slave raiders."

It seems that the Sara-Kabra tribe are the aborigines of the Shari River, and at one time must have been one of the largest nations of Africa, "for, after centuries of being harassed by Moslem slave raiders, and after the wars of half-a-millenium, there are still a million or two left of them."

Though *From Hausaland to Egypt* is a book to be carefully studied, as it is a mine of geographical and ethnological information, yet at the same time it is a work which will well bear dipping into by the casual reader who demands entertainment as well as instruction. Dr. Kumm has the gift of imparting his information very pleasantly and concisely. For instance, in a few words, he tells the reader a great deal about the Mecca caravans :—

A caravan leaving Timbuctoo, in the Western Sudan, would probably be a year-and-a-half on the road. They usually start out, especially if a caravan is under the leadership of an important chief or the son of a chief, with a large number of cattle, horses, donkeys, sheep, goats, etc. There are also a considerable number of old men and women and children in such a caravan. Practically all these drop out on the road. They die or are sold. The boys and young women are slaves, which are taken as easily transported coinage to Mecca, where they are turned into ready money."

Very delicate are the problems which the English officials have to decide. For instance, Dr. Kumm gives a typical example, which indeed rather suggests a Soudanese variant of a *Vanity Fair* " queer case " !

" The resident at Rumbeck asked me to listen to a case he was trying during my stay there. An ugly old man had purchased a young woman from her father for a certain number of cattle. After a year of married life the young woman fell in love with a fine strapping young savage and wanted to marry him. The husband was quite willing to let her go if the brother of the girl, who had succeeded to her father's property, would pay back the cows. This the brother refused to do. The woman also refused to stay further with her husband, who, moreover, did not want her. The strong young bushman loved her, but had no money. What was to be done ? Will the white man please say what is right, for the custom of the tribe cannot solve the difficulty.

" Divorce is permitted according to the law of the land, but in case of divorce the purchase money, or at least three-quarters of it, must be paid back to the parent or the wife. The parent had died, his son did not want to pay back, and no one could compel him. The husband did not want to keep the girl as she loved another, and the wife did not want to stay with her husband, who was old and ugly.

" ' White man, what are we to do ' ?

" Answer :—The woman must stay with her husband until she finds somebody whom she likes, and who will pay her husband three-quarters of what he had paid for her. The husband has been a fool to marry such a young woman, and will have to keep her until things can be arranged. It is finished, and the parties depart."

The author was at one time much troubled with mosquitoes, and quotes Mark Twain's time-honoured advice. He says that as mosquitoes will always get into your mosquito net, however careful you are, the best way to deal with them is to get into the mosquito net, make a hole in it, and wait—all the mosquitoes in the room will find that hole and come into your net. Wait inside for an hour, and you will have emptied the room and collected them all round you inside the net. Then tie up the hole, slip out of the net and sleep outside in the room in peace. Very good advice—*probatum est.*

Perhaps one of the most amusing passages in the book is that in which Dr. Kumm describes the advice he received of well-intentioned friends before starting :—

" Just like some other good counsel I had received before leaving for Central Africa, I was asked by some very kind, motherly lady to be most careful and not expose myself to draughts in Africa, and also on no account to allow myself to get wet ; also always to have my water boiled and

filtered, as otherwise I should surely get fever and die. Most excellent advice of the greatest importance, which might be lived up to—if there were no evening winds, tornadoes and gales in the bush ; if rivers had not sometimes to be crossed in the rain on the march and canoes were not upset ; if one's filter candles never got broken by the boys, and the boys always carefully observed the boiling point. If, but as things are, with the water, the draught, the wet, the mosquitoes, one has to do the best one can." "SEARCHLIGHT."

"Topsy Turvy Land."

Cuba. By Irene A. Wright. 10s. 6d. net. Macmillan, New York. 1910.

In this volume Miss Wright gives us "impressions of Cuba gathered during ten years' uninterrupted residence in the island," where much of her time and thought were for four years concentrated on literary work in connection with local newspapers and a local magazine. This occupation naturally afforded every opportunity for insight into the daily round of the life of the inhabitants, yet such are the contradictions existing in what Miss Wright designates "this land of topsy-turvy" that she warns her readers to regard her impressions merely as her own personal opinion. She says, for example, that in Cuba "one learns to hesitate to call a spade either a qualified shovel or an agricultural implement, but compromises by stating, if one must commit oneself, that at a given time and at a given place it looked to one something like an *azadon*."

Miss Wright gives us a suggestion for the title of this review when she enlarges on this country of contrasts and contradictions.

"From largest to smallest contradictions exist in all the details of our daily life. Here there are woods which sink and stones which float. Here the executive pardons persons not yet convicted of any crime, and the congress legislates against incorrigible suicides. Business firms send creditors no bills, but signed receipts instead, to dun them."

In a population of over two millions there is yet no real Cuban people ; the aboriginal Indians died off through overwork, underfeeding, small-pox and other causes, so that in the sixteenth century the Spaniards began the importation of African slaves, who were employed till the latter part of last century. From these slaves and their Spanish masters are descended the Cubans of to-day, but a large proportion of the inhabitants are foreigners, who own fully three-fourths of the island and maintain its Government, which, however, is administered by Cubans "after such a fashion that those in office are not answerable to the real source of their salaries, for the disbursement of these or other revenues paid in by foreigners who have not the suffrage."

Miss Wright does not mince matters in her denunciation of the national decadence of the Cubans.

"Its population is diseased, physically and morally, and also mentally. Crimes that are not mentioned, but only implied in the United States, when, rarely, they must be dealt with, are here the subject of newspaper jest. Such literature as is not printed in English is displayed on the public stalls. Havana is rotten and rotting, and those who note intelligently even the surface signs of existing conditions here, see all her undeniable beauties through thick miasma.

"We have, then, in Cuba, a country owned by foreigners, the government of which is supported by foreigners, but administered by Cubans, after such a fashion, however (foreigners have not the suffrage), that these Cubans in office are not answerable to the real source of their salaries for the disbursement of these or other revenues, paid in by the foreigners, nor in any legitimate manner can they be obligated to consider the welfare of the country (owned by foreigners) within its boundaries."

"This situation is the reason why only professional politicians, who hold the "jobs" and accumulate the "rake-offs," advocate the continued maintenance of this so-called Republic of Cuba, as against the property holders, the business men of every class and condition, and the miscellaneous population of the island, destined, some day, to become its 'people,' who, the first two directly and the last one indirectly, pay the exorbitant cost of this Republic's upkeep, protestingly, because they do not receive any benefits from it to make the excessive expenditure seem worth while."

The author writes with good-humoured tolerance of the twin fetishes of the expatriated Englishman—tea and tub.

"There is a very deep wisdom back of the Englishman's insistence upon his 'bath' which keeps him well; and upon his tea, which affords him mental relaxation and no detrimental physical stimulant at the heaviest hour in his day; and even in his 'tendency to dress for dinner,' one formality, he can, I have noticed, be influenced to modify; but whether he changes to a dinner-jacket or merely to a clean shirt for the evening, he by no means omits to change, with his garments, the whole tenor of his occupation and his thought. Meanwhile, bathless, tealess, dinner-jacketless the American works on, absorbed and without respite, and about him 'things move' while he lasts. Just as he is unable, and actually unwilling to bring to himself comforts and relaxation in material things, so he is unable, no matter how willing, to relieve his mental attitude except by the aid of alcohol, so that as long as he is sober he talks by night, as he thinks by day, in a single groove that deepens. Those who look over Cuba may observe results."

The Chase of the Sea Otter.

In Forbidden Seas: Recollections of Sea Otter Hunting in the Kurils. By H. J. Snow. 12s. 6d. net. Arnold. 1910.

Not only is this book valuable from the geographer's standpoint, as it incidentally gives a great deal of information about the little known Aleutian and Kuril Islands in the North-Western Pacific, but it is a book which boys, and indeed all interested in adventure, will find distinctly fascinating and engrossing. These islands form a kind of link connecting Japan with the Alaskan Peninsula. These seas are the home of the extremely rare and consequently very valuable sea otter—indeed it is said that a sea otter-skin cloak would run to thousands of pounds.

In this engrossing book we learn a great deal of the various perils attaching to the quest of this much-prized animal. There were perils, too, with the natives, who were often distinctly unfriendly. The following graphic description of an attack on the schooner by natives is worth quoting :—

"... the bullets falling about us like hailstones. First one man was hit, then another, until there were but two of us in the boat left able to do anything. My boat-steerer was shot through the lower part of the backbone. He called out 'Itai!' (hurt) and as I looked round at him he dropped his paddle and collapsed, his lips turning blue. Another man was hit in one leg, then in the other, but he continued pulling. After this the stroke oarsman was hit ... the other two men and myself were hit, and bullets were making holes through the boat everywhere."

There is an illumining chapter on the Kuril Ainus, with very full details on their habits, customs and mode of life, which should interest especially anthropologists.

There is little to be said about the illustrations, they are few in number and not strikingly interesting, although they are technically good. There is, however, one picture that is well worth study, and one regrets that the book has not been embellished with more of its kind. We refer to the "sea otter." Here we have a charming drawing, beautifully soft, but not lacking in structure, and the whole picture breathing the motion of the sea and full of atmospheric effect.

Spoonbills, Storks and Herons.

The Home Life of the Spoonbill, the Stork, and some Herons. Photographed and described by Bentley Beetham, F.Z.S. 5s. net. Witherby and Co. 1910.

The chief charm of this volume lies in the thirty-two plates so cleverly illustrating the life of these birds. In some cases the photographs lack atmosphere and half-tone, but they reveal infinite patience on the part of the photographer, who would often have to wait for hours or frequently

return to the same spot in order to give us one of these views. He tells of a heron who, apparently annoyed by his persistent visits and the inquisitive eye of his camera, built itself a little wall of dead gorse, which completely hid it when in a sitting posture. We especially admire Plate 22, portraying a heron standing on the edge of its nest watching its contents ; also number 25, representing again a heron watching the movements of a rat. For Plate 6 we would like to suggest the title, " Puzzle : Find the Man," for he is so cleverly hidden among rushes that it needs a sharp eye to detect him.

The photographs are attached to brown mounts which set them off admirably.

How, When and Where to Travel.

Cook's Tourists' Handbook for Palestine and Syria. New Edition. Thoroughly revised. 7s. 6d. net. Thos. Cook & Son. 1911.

The new revised edition of Messrs. Cook's well-known handbook for the Holy Land is published opportunely at the commencement of the Palestine season. The claim that this new edition is thoroughly revised is amply justified, and no pilgrim to the Holy Land, whether travelling *en prince* and independently—for such a method of travel is only for the rich—or under the auspices of this well-known firm, can afford, if he values his comfort, to dispense with this invaluable *vade mecum.*

Anyone with the slightest experience of travel in Palestine and Syria recognizes the fallacy of supposing that because the well-worn main tracks of travel are visited by thousands of tourists annually, that the Holy Land is hackneyed and commonplace. There is still plenty of scope for the adventurous explorer only a couple of days' journey from Jerusalem. Indeed it is a little surprising that camping tours outside the beaten track are not more popular with those who wish to add a touch of romance and a little spice of adventure to their travels. Though the supreme sacred interest of the Holy City, with its innumerable associations with the Bible story, naturally first claims our attention, yet what we may call its lay attractions must not be overlooked. To the historian and archæologist Jerusalem offers almost as fascinating a field of study as Rome, Athens or Constantinople, for to use the words which Cicero applied to Athens ; " There is not one spot in all this city —no single place where the foot may tread—which does not possess its history."

Very full details are given of the route of the new Hedjaz Railway, and the description of Kerak is of peculiar interest at the present juncture in view of the disturbance among the tribes of that region and the recent attack on a party of American tourists. In this connection it may be well to note that Messrs. Cook have for some time been alive to the risks

of travel in this disturbed district, and have for some seasons discontinued their Trans-Jordan tours to Petræa.

A very useful feature in the book is the bibliographical section. The books recommended are chosen with discrimination and knowledge, but there are two unfortunate omissions. For instance, Professor Adam Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land" and Miss Goodrich-Freer's "Inner Jerusalem" should certainly have been included.

Macmillan's Guide to Italy and Sicily. Sixth Edition. 10s. net. Macmillan. 1911.

There are so many excellent guides to Italy that a comparatively newcomer in the field must be good indeed to hold its own. Macmillan's Guide, which has now reached a sixth edition, has more than held its own. It possesses many distinctive features, and though the information is not as ample as will be found in the historic handbooks of Baedeker and Murray, yet it is an admirable example of judicious selection. The last edition which has just been published has been carefully revised by Dr. Thomas Ashby, of the British Archæological School at Rome, and he has carried out his task, so far as we have been able to test it, with considerable success. For instance, the new arrangement of the Vatican galleries is carefully noted. Probably nine out of ten users of a guide book on arriving at a strange country will glance first at the practical information for tourists. This has been skilfully compiled and with a keen appreciation of the needs of the traveller. There is, by the way, one hint embodying information which is quite new to us. The writer, in his notes on passports, declares that it is a rule of the Italian Post Office that more than ½ kilogramme (1¼ lb.) weight of correspondence is not delivered to any one recipient by any one delivery, but a notice is sent to him, and he must fetch it in person or by messenger, and furnish proof of his identity. Thus, a book-packet weighing over 1¼ lb., though sent fully paid from abroad, will not be delivered in Italy; and in the large towns it must as a rule be fetched from the General Post Office. We must admit complete ignorance of this postal regulation, and did it not appear in Macmillan, we should almost venture to hint that the writer has inaccurately translated the Italian.

Among the books to be reviewed in the March number are the following:—

Amurath to Amurath. By Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Heinemann.
Through the Snowy Hispar. By Mrs. Bullock Workman. Constable.
Encyclopædia of Sport. Vols. I. and II. Heinemann.
Macmillan's Guide to Greece. Macmillan & Co.
Encyclopædia Britannica (Exploration Sections). Cambridge University Press.

The Travel Book of the Year Competition, 1910.

This literary plebiscite, in which readers were asked to select the best travel books of the year, selected from the books reviewed in TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION during 1910, has resulted in the three fol owing books being placed at the head of the poll :—

1. *India and Tibet.* By Sir Francis Younghusband. John Murray.

2. *The Gates of India.* By Colonel Sir Thos. Holdich. Macmillan and Co.

3. *The Melanesians of British New Guinea.* By Dr. C. G. Seligman. The Cambridge University Press.

The first prize of one guinea is therefore awarded to Dr. W. Moss Bristow, Brookfield, Teignmouth, Devon.

The second prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to Mr. Ernest Michelson, 7, Prospect Peter the Great, St. Petersburg.

For the third prize (half-a-year's subscription) three competitors are bracketed equal, namely :—Miss Reynolds, The Poplars, Roydon, Diss ; Mr. John S. Tulloch, 64, Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh ; Mr. Wm. Morgan, Aberclydach Place, Clydach, R.S.O., Swansea.

As one cannot well divide a half-year's subscription into three parts, each of these competitors has been placed on the subscription list for six months.

It may interest readers to know that other books which were frequently mentioned were *Wanderings among South Sea Savages* and *Adventures of a Soldier of Fortune.*

N.B.—It should be remembered that the two most important books of the year Sven Hedin's *Trans-Himalaya* and R. E. Peary's *The North Pole* were *hors de concours.*

THE EXPLORING WORLD

Sven Hedin and "Zakpho."

We are gratified to learn that Sir Sven Hedin appreciated very highly "Zakpho's" review of his *Overland to India* in the January number. Readers may possibly be interested in the famous explorer's letter referring to this review.

"Stockholm,
"January 3rd, 1911.

"DEAR SIR,—May I send you my very hearty thanks for your kindness to let me see the first number of 1911 of TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION, containing such a nice and sympathetic article on my last book.

"'Zakpho' must have felt the Call of the East and the Call of the Desert himself. His article is one of the most charming I have ever read. Please convey my heartiest greetings also to him.

"Believe me ever
"Yours very sincerely,
"SVEN HEDIN."

On the Gold Coast: The Day's Work.

"For southern wind and east wind meet,
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England, with bare and bloody feet,
Climbs the steep road of wide empire."

A remarkably vivid and life-like sketch of the daily routine of an English official in the Gold Coast Hinterland is given by Mrs. Norah Watherston in the January *Nineteenth Century*. Through the courtesy of the Editor we are able to quote a few passages from the illumining picture of life in this little-known outpost of Empire. We get a thorough insight into the trials and compensations of "the day's work" in this tropical *imperium in imperio*, three hundred miles from the last link with civilization—Coomassie.

Mrs. Watherston writes pleasantly and convincingly of her experiences. She was undaunted by the tales of the horrible discomforts and privations and the "deadly climate of the West Coast," and refused to be convinced that, "because no white woman had ever lived there, it was not possible for her to do so."

"Life is very simple and very friendly on an out-station in our colonies; the work is hard, and there are many disadvantages, but the spirit of service seems to pervade everything, and brings out all that is best in a man. A country like West Africa needs the very best men that England can produce, because they will have to face the worst odds, because they must depend entirely on themselves, and because, in dealing with natives, example is such an important factor. According to many standards, the nigger is demoralised to start with—is innately demoralised; but this is rather sweeping, and it is hardly just to compare any one race with another. Still, I think it is a well-proved fact that the black race

possesses none of those qualities which make for progress, and the uncivilised, untaught, up-country savage is just a child—a lazy, ignorant, very superstitious child—who will unconsciously copy his superiors, as any white child imitates his elders. That is why on any station you will find two or three brown-faced, generally rather thin, Englishmen, in clothes which, if worn, are clean, in boots that shine, and helmets newly whitened. You may meet them riding on well-groomed ponies, or about their several tasks in office or hospital, or in the court-house, whose furnace-like atmosphere is laden with the acrid odour of the black race, with still that quiet manner and that bearing of power and superiority which marks the immeasurable distance between black and white.

"There had never been a white woman at Tamale before, and some of the men were doubtful if they ever wanted one; but I think it must have been all right, for the greatest compliment I have ever been paid in my life was told to one of my friends in London by a man who was home on leave: 'It was just like having another man out there.' Certainly they were all perfectly delightful. It went without saying that I was to be in everything that was done, from golf to shooting; and always on the nights of our weekly dinner-parties five white people would assemble, in all the ceremony of mess kit and medals, round a table that would not have disgraced any English home. I can remember so many discussions on those Saturday nights—talks about anything and everything. There are few houses in London where I have met with anything like the power and originality of thought which were displayed in that far-away room, to the very entrance of which rolled the bush country of Central Africa, cutting it off by many miles from the world of civilisation.

"Ordinary days at Tamale would begin about six a.m. with tea and biscuits, sitting on the verandah and watching the morning lights on the blue range of distant hills. An hour later we would ride along the half-mile which separated our house from the rest of the cantonment, and, meeting one or two of the other men there, we would go round on inspection; either to the native town, the constabulary lines, the little native hospital, or to the caravanserai, where the nomad traders stay on their journeys between Timbuctoo and the far-away coast. It generally meant rough or slow riding, and at the end we always used to cut across a short bit of bush country and get on to the main road south, fondly called 'the London road.' Tired of picking their way through stubble and over yam-fields, our ponies would answer willingly to rein and spur, and the morning ride ended in a triumphant gallop and a cloud of dust. The sun begins to get hot by eight a.m., and we used to go back gladly to the dim shuttered house, whose cool white walls offered a pleasing contrast to the glare outside. When I had changed my riding kit we would have

breakfast, and then my husband went to his office and I to the interesting but somewhat arduous task of ordering my household.

The most important of my morning duties was the dividing up of the slender supply of vegetables from the Government garden. There were always enough tomatoes to go round, but I used to keep a book to show me when I last gave the Doctor a lettuce, and whose turn it was to have the long-coveted cabbage! Except for these delicacies, a limited supply of very tough beef and mutton, the eternal goat, and chickens and guinea-fowl, we were entirely dependent on the tinned stores we brought out from England. It is wonderful how much you can do with tinned food, and really how little you miss the fresh fruit and the fish that here in England are considered almost necessities of life.

"Half-past twelve brought lunch-time, and I can picture my husband playing the piano and turning on the gramophone, while I prepared the *pièce de résistance* in the invaluable chafing-dish. After lunch till four p.m. is the most trying period of the day, and for people like myself, with whom sleeping does not agree, it is hard to know what best to do. However, for me there was always a mountainous basket of household mending and always books to read, so I managed fairly well.

"Four o'clock brought some abatement in the temperature and the longed-for tea. At five we would ride down to the golf-links, of which we were justly proud, play nine holes, and then, when dark came, play bridge at one of the houses till dinner-time.

"There was no difference in dinner whether we were alone or had people dining with us, and on almost any night at eight o'clock, if you could have looked into the house, you would have seen a table covered with clean linen, a sparkle of silver and glass under pink-shaded lights, and two people in evening dress as conventional as that prescribed by any London restaurant.

The Vocal Memnon Out-sung.

A curious phenomenon is described by Sir Gaston Maspero in a recent number of the *Annales de la Service des Antiquités*. A few years ago two of the great stones in the hypostyle hall of the Temple of Edfu showed signs of falling, and were supported on an iron structure as a temporary measure. From this date until five years ago, when the improvised iron support was exchanged for one of wood and concrete, the stones every morning at sunrise gave forth noises like revolver shots, sometimes single and at intervals, sometimes in a continuous volley, but always terminating in a clear and vibrating sound like a deep sigh. This is supported by the evidence given by M. Barsanti, who was in charge of the works, and other officials.

This gives some colour to the tradition that one of the two Colossi at Thebes, known as the Vocal Memnon, emitted sounds when the sun's rays fell upon it. Many theories have been ventilated by scientists

to explain the origin of this legend. The popular solution of the mystery is that the credulous worshippers were deceived by a "pious fraud" of the priests, who were either possessed of ventriloquial skill, or contented themselves with hiding in the statue and secretly striking it. The phenomenon may, however, be a perfectly natural one. Certain kinds of granite have, it is well known, a musical ring. Humboldt has described similar sounding rocks in the Orinoco Valley, which yielded musical notes supposed to be caused by wind passing through the chinks and agitating the spangles of mica into audible vibration.

The British West African Association.

An association under this title has recently been formed to protect the interests of shareholders, planters, etc., who are concerned in the development of the vast potential wealth of West Africa. The association propose to carry out the work by the following methods :—

(1) Opening an Information Bureau, with records of concessions, promotions, experts, managers, etc. (2) Conducting press and platform propaganda on behalf of West African produce. (3) Arranging exhibits at Rubber Exhibition, Empire Festival, and White City, 1911, and, later, a permanent Exhibition in London. (4) Opening a rendezvous and library, and arranging periodical meetings for members and coasters. (5) Keeping in touch with the coast by corresponding members and branches.

Branches are being formed at Axim, Freetown and Lagos. Agricultural, Press, and Mining Committees are being formed in London.

The President of the new association is Earl Cowley; and Lord Kingsale, Sir Harry Samuel, M.P., Mr. W. H. Lever, M.P., and Captain Clive are Vice-Presidents.

There is no doubt that West Africa offers an excellent field for development, expansion and the judicious employment of capital, but it must be admitted that shareholders need safeguarding from sham concessionaires and unscrupulous promoters. The subscription is one guinea a year; life membership, £10 10s.

Dr. Shapira Redivius?

It is to be feared that, with the notorious example of the "Moabite Tablets" (which up to a few years ago were hidden away in an obscure gallery of the Berlin Museum), the most "successful" from a pecuniary point of view of any of the Shapira forgeries in their recollection, scientists will be chary about accepting the authenticity of the clay tablets recently discovered by Professor Reisner on the site of the Israelites' capital in Samaria.

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, these tablets are believed to form part of the archives of King Ahab, including "a letter to King Ahab from the King of Assyria." A startling statement made by this journal, in connection with this sensational discovery of biblical antiquities, is that the inscriptions on the tablets are not incised or graven in the clay, but are "written with

the intensely black ink found in the Egyptian papyri of between 1,000 and 2,000 B.C.

A New Theory of the Exodus

In a recent number of the *Egyptian Gazette* Mr. Villiers Stewart propounds a singularly suggestive theory with regard to the route taken by the Israelites in their flight from Egypt.

There is certainly something very suggestive in this plausible attempt to square the Bible narrative with the physical features and geographical conditions of ancient Egypt.

"During a recent journey in Sinai I visited the sand-bar separating Lake Bardawil from the Mediterranean. It extends for some twenty-five kilomètres (forty-seven miles) along the northern coast of Sinai, and would form a good route for a retreating army encumbered with women and children, as was the case with the Israelites during the Exodus. A small rearguard could hold the narrow sand-bar against a pursuing army, while the flanks would be protected by the lake on the right and the sea on the left, which is my interpretation of the passage in Exodus, 'The waters were a wall unto them on the right hand and on the left.' Pieces of wreckage, both of iron and of wood, are embedded in the crest of this sand-bar, showing that it is awash during a gale. If the Egyptian army had been caught by a gale on the sand-bar, the surf would have drowned such as did not succeed in retreating from it in time.

"I expect you know the various theories of the route of the Exodus. 'Red Sea' in the Bible is more correctly translated 'Sea of Weeds.' Some of the authorities consider Lake Menzaleh to be meant, but the lake is too shallow to drown anyone. The wind only affects the depth by a few inches. The only marked rise is during the Nile flood.

"Brugsch Pasha tells me his brother had a similar idea to mine as to the route of the Exodus, but he had not visited the place, and thought that Succoth was near Pelusium."

Twentieth Century Explorers.

In the March number will begin a Series which will, we think, prove particularly attractive to our readers. It will deal with the most notable explorers of the twentieth century. It is intended to lead off the series with an article, derived from first-hand information, and in a great measure autobiographical, on Sven Hedin. Among other famous travellers, who will find a place in this series, are the Duke of the Abruzzi, Captain R. F. Scott, Dr. Aurel M. Stein, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Dr. Nansen, and Commander R. E. Peary.

In most cases the articles will be based on information by the explorers themselves, though obviously in some cases—Captain R. F. Scott, for instance—this will be impracticable, but great pains will be taken to check all statements of fact, so that the series will, we think, have a right to be considered authoritative. It may be added that the writer, or, rather, the editor, of the series will not shrink from occasional criticism and comparison of the methods of the respective explorers.

SPORTING · TRAVEL

The Mauser Fiction.

The news encyclopædists have exposed their own ignorance in their recent futile attempts to explain the Mauser pistol to a bewildered public. One may pardon a legal advocate accepting as evidence of a weapon's range the distance for which it is sighted! Those whose self-imposed duty it is to enlighten us represent the German firearm as some wondrous magic. In reality it is quite an ordinary type of weapon, and one used with telling effect by the Boers in the South African War. It is a *shortened repeating rifle*, into the magazine of which the cartridges can be loaded quickly, and from which, by suitable mechanism, each cartridge in turn is automatically introduced into the barrel and ejected therefrom after it has been fired. Consequently the firer has only to pull the trigger each time he wishes to fire, and the weapon shoots as long as there is a cartridge left in the magazine. The newspaper men have confused extreme range with the greatest distance at which the accuracy of the weapon permits of its being used with practical effect. The little rifles, with which boy scouts and others amuse themselves indoors, shooting at distances up to twenty-five yards, will project the bullet over one thousand three hundred yards, but the rifle is not accurate enough to shoot with at targets more than two hundred yards distant. The Mauser pistol fires a bullet more than double the weight at a somewhat higher initial velocity, and so must have a longer accurate range. With it an expert shot has succeeded in hitting frequently a life-size figure placed at distances between three and four hundred yards. The same expert has made accurate shooting at one hundred yards with a .380 pocket revolver. The rifle nearest to the Mauser in ballistic power is the .310, which fires a bullet half as heavy again as the Mauser projectile, and with about the same velocity. With this rifle the highest possible score on the standard target has been made at five hundred yards at Bisley in competition. The rifle, because it can be more accurately aligned than a shorter barrelled pistol, gets the fullest practicable range out of any cartridge. The Mauser pistol has a detachable stock, and really is an abbreviated carbine; so used it is superior in accuracy to the pocket-pistol, and inferior to the rifle, using the same ammunition. The newspaper "investigator" of to-day, like the journalist of yesterday, sets out to thrill, and is prone to develop into a mere sensation-monger. The easiest emotion to arouse is fear; all are apprehensive of the unaccustomed, so the ignorant are

easily made afraid. They are kept afraid by keeping them ignorant of the true nature of the bogey, whether that bogey is named Winchester, Mauser, Browning or anything else equally unknown.

WIRT GERRARE.

Mr. F. C. Selous' Expedition.

The famous big-game shooter left England on the 19th of last month on what might almost be regarded as a "Government mission" to the Soudan. He has been sent out by the British Museum to obtain a specimen of the great Soudan Eland (whose habitat is the Bahr-el-Ghazal), for there is no specimen of this rare antelope in the Natural History Museum. Indeed, as Mr. Selous' expedition is primarily, if not solely, undertaken in the interest of science, perhaps it would have been more appropriate to have inserted this account in the "Exploring World" pages.

The equipment of this modest expedition could hardly be more simple and is in striking and refreshing contrast to that of another much-advertised "scientific sporting expedition" recently undertaken in South Africa. He will be accompanied by no white man, but takes a small tent, a limited quantity of provisions and a battery of two or three guns. He takes no tinned meats, for as far as meat goes, the expedition will be self-supporting. Tea figures largely in the commissariat list for, as Mr. Selous remarked to a *Daily Mail* representative, "like most of our overseas kinsmen and others who have lived much in the open air, I am very fond of the beverage, and as I drink no alcoholic liquors, I must have plenty of it with me.

As to his plans, the well-known prototype of "Allan Quartermain" was not communicative, partly, perhaps, because he is visiting a region which, unlike most of the hunting grounds of Africa, is to him a virgin field, and perhaps his reticence was partly due to his instinctive modesty. "Yes, I shall be alone, save for my native bearers, but when there is not much money to spend on this sort of thing, what is the use of worrying about details like that? Really, I do not like to call the thing an expedition at all. I am simply setting out in quite a quiet and unobtrusive fashion to endeavour to obtain specimens of certain animals wanting in the Natural History Museum."

Mr. Selous is, as is well known, an enthusiastic zoologist, and has been for many years one of the most valued contributors to the magnificent Natural History Collection at South Kensington, and, of course, he does his collecting himself. His first trophy was sent to the Natural History Museum nearly thirty years ago, and there are now over one hundred and forty specimens shot by him (mainly in South Africa) in the galleries. These include "fine specimens of the eland, blessbok, bontebok, zebra (a pair dating from 1883), gemsbok (a pair shot in North Bechuanaland five and twenty years ago), and the Cape buffalo. But

he has had eyes and traps for small game as well as large, and there are several little animals here which he was the first to discover, such as the *Acomys Selousi*, a spiny mouse, and the *Cynictis Selousi*, an African mongoose ; besides (among the larger mammals) the Zambesi situtunga, an antelope scientifically known as *Tragelaphus Selousi*."

[We had hoped to have had an account of the forthcoming expedition from Mr. Selous himself, but he wrote that, as every moment up to the date of sailing was occupied, he regretted very much he could not send TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION any special information. We hope, however, to insert a detailed account of the expedition from Mr. Selous' pen in the April number.—EDITOR.]

The "Holing in One" Fallacy.

Certainly the St. John de Luz Golf Club ought to be grateful to Arnaud Massey for unwittingly giving them such an admirable advertisement gratis. To judge from the comments in the Press, it would appear that the feat of driving the ball from the tee into the hole in one stroke was an unparalleled one, and one bordering on the miraculous. Yet, I suppose, there is hardly a golf club which has been established for many years which has not some time or other had its short hole holed in one. A moment's consideration should show the merest layman—for golfers, of course, need not to be reminded of this fact—that given a hole of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty yards, and considering the hundreds of times in a week that the ball driven from the tee lands on the green, it is hardly surprising that every now and then a ball rolls into the hole ! Indeed, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Lloyd George himself did the short hole in the Nice Golf Club in one in a practice game last season, and probably but for the fact that this feat was performed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it would hardly have been thought worthy of a fill-up paragraph in the dailies. We are reminded of the story of the schoolboy, whose father took him on the St. Andrew's links, and, pointing out the numerous courses—the old and new, the Jubilee, Children's, etc.—said impressively, " There, my boy, there are seventy-two holes on that piece of land." " By jove," was the boy's answer, " it must be beastly hard to hit the ball anywhere without going into one of 'em ! "

Sport on the Rivieras.

A book of considerable interest to sportsmen generally, and to those wintering in the south in particular, will shortly be published under the above title by Reynolds-Ball's Guides, 27, Chancery Lane. No doubt there is an overwhelming mass of literature dealing with the Riviera, but no book has ever been published devoted exclusively to the sporting side of life on the two Rivieras. Consequently this book will, to use the time-honoured phrase, " meet a wide-felt want." The chapters on the various sports will all be written by experts. C. N.

Williamson will write on motoring on the Riviera; Captain E. D. Miller, D.S.O., will contribute an article on polo at Cannes; J. D. E. Loveland will deal with Riviera lawn tennis; the Editor of the *Cyclists' Touring Gazette* will write on cycling on the Riviera; while Eustace Reynolds-Ball and A. S. Browne will collaborate in the chapter on golf. Part II. of *Sport on the Rivieras* will be written by C. A. Payton, M.V.O. "Sarcelle" of *The Field*), and will describe very fully the facilities offered to the angler on sea, river and lake, not only on the Rivieras, but in the South of Europe. The book will be published at 2s. 6d. net, and will be illustrated from original photographs.

A Fish Doctor.

According to a French contemporary, which states the facts quite seriously, a naturalist has discovered that certain fish, especially roach and carp, are accustomed to take medical advice from the nearest tench! It appears that this remarkable fish has certain medical or surgical qualifications. The tench, it is said, secretes under the skin a certain juice, called "glu." This is a remarkable panacea for all wounds to which fishes are subject. For instance, should a perch or carp get injured by a hook and escape the angler, it goes in search of tench and rubs against it, thus anointing the wound with the miraculous unguent. Our French contemporary gravely adds that when a pike is out of sorts he adopts the heroic remedy of swallowing the first tench he gets hold of, and this generally results in a cure. It is to be feared that the sceptical reader will consider this "a fish story" of the tallest order!

"PENTATHLOS."

TOURIST·TRAVEL

Colour Photography for the Traveller.

How often has the landscape photographer, when composing his picture on the ground glass screen of his camera, longed for the day when nature in all her glory of colour could be transferred to the sensitive plate. As regards the photographic *print* in colours this is still one of the visions of the future. But we fancy that few photographers realise that at the present time there are several plates on the market which can be used for producing transparencies, which can then be shown in an ordinary lantern. We should strongly recommend our explorers to take some of these plates on their tours, as they would add interest to the series of slides which they afterwards use in illustrating their lectures. There are several of the plates that might be mentioned, namely, the "Autochrome," the "Thames" and the "Dufay Dioptichrome." The latter is the one which we have specially in mind, as, through the courtesy of Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome and Co., we had an opportunity of seeing a demonstration of this plate at their laboratory recently.

The plate is coated with the usual emulsion, but between this and the glass there is inserted a screen, made of minute squares of orange, green and blue; so minute, indeed, that the appearance of the plate is grey, and it is only when examined through a microscope that it is possible to distinguish the separate colours. It will be understood that these colours act as minute filters, allowing the colours of nature to appear in their right proportion. Thus, the red squares of the screen allow the red rays of the spectrum to have their effect on the plate, whilst cutting out the green and blue—and so on. Combinations of colour, such as light yellow, would filter through the red and green, but be retarded by the blue. To get good results it is necessary to use a yellow screen, specially adapted to the plates used, to cut off some of the blue rays, so that the plate is adequately sensitive to the various colours. Of course, to get perfect results the exposure must be correct, and this is largely a matter of experience. Having exposed the plate in the camera, remembering that, contrary to the usual practice, it must be placed with the glass side outermost, it is developed in the usual manner, but in the dark. Then it is placed (still in the dark) in the reversing solution; the light is turned up, and, after a final redevelopment, we have, instead of a negative, a positive transparency, which, on being looked through, shows the subject in its natural colours. The necessary chemicals for the process have been put up by Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome & Co. in useful

tabloid form, which ensures accuracy of working, a most important factor in this fascinating process. F.R.B.

Songs of the Nile.

It is a little curious that Egypt, which offers such a rich field for poetic treatment, has never had justice done to it by modern poets of the first rank. Spain has had Southey for its laureate, and Germany Coleridge and Longfellow; while as for Italy and Switzerland a whole army of poets have sung their praises, from Shelley, Byron and Landor down to the facile rhymster, Rogers. Egypt, with all its wealth of material for an epic poem, has done little more than inspire a few fragmentary sonnets from Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Moore.

We are all familiar with Leigh Hunt's striking lines :—

"It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands
Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream ;
And time and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world ; the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that Southern beam,
The laughing queen, that caught the world's great hands."

Then Egypt or the Nile does not, however, seem to have inspired modern writers, and I think the only noteworthy poems are those by Wildred Scawen Blunt, who seems to have succeeded admirably in presenting the real Egyptian atmosphere.

No doubt many verses in a humorous vein have been written on the Nile, of which the following, reprinted from a recent number of *Truth*, may serve as a specimen :—

IN LAND OF THE NILE.

"Come ! I'll tell you of a climate
free from winter's biting chill
Where the sun can cure all colics
Where he frolics
At his will ;
And the night breeze blows
serenely sometimes on a
fevered brow,
While the moon is shining
brightly,
Leaping on her pathway
lightly
(People say so, anyhow) ;
If you can't believe the
thing,
Come and see the land
I sing.

"There you'll find old Father Nile
a-tumbling to the tepid brine,
Banish all the time-worn stories
And the glories
Of the Rhine.
And you'll watch the swarthy
native sneaking round old
Cairo town,
Looking like a human
cinder—
Touchy, too, as common
tinder,
Till you plank some coppers
down ;

And you'll mark its mosques
and spires
And its telegraphic wires !

"And you'll eye the famous dam,
and see its fertilising flow ;
Ah ! and if you care to wander
Over yonder
You may go
Where the vast Sahara stretches
lone beneath the scorching
sun,
View his limitless oasis,
Find how dry his dusty
face is—
Shall I tell you how it's done ?
All you do is just to book
For a trip with Thomas
Cook."

£72 Circular Tours to India.

In the "Winter India" article in the December number, there was a reference to the P. & O. Popular £80 circular tour to India. A correspondent points out that the writer might well have made some reference to another circular tour which is even more moderate. He refers to the £72 tour arranged by the City Line, which covers practically the same ground as the P. & O. tour.

I am much obliged to my correspondent, and take this opportunity of calling attention to the enterprise of the City Line.

The R.M.S.P. Co. and Bermuda.

A correspondent points out an omission in Dr. Middleton's article on Bermuda in the November number. He thinks it is rather significant that in his reference to the means of communication between Bermuda and the United Kingdom he omits all reference to the R.M.S.P.C.'s services. He points out that there is a regular service between Southampton and New York, thence to Bermuda.

I am much obliged to my correspondent, and am pleased to insert his correction, and will communicate with the author.

There is, of course, a regular fortnightly service by the R.M.S.P. "Trent" between New York, Bermuda and Antilla, and the cost of an eleven-day tour from New York to Bermuda, including hotel and shore excursions, is from $55. It is interesting to note that the R.M.S.P. "Trent," while on her voyage from Bermuda to New York, rescued the crew of the Wellman airship, who were in difficulties while attempting to cross the Atlantic.

Hotel Notes.

The Hotel Bristol, Mentone, has been considerably enlarged for this season. The most desirable feature is the extension of the lounge, while the dining-saloon has been reconstructed.

Alpine Sports, Ltd., have just added a new Swiss hotel to their list, namely, the Hotel Alpenruhé, at Murren, the new centre which the company are exploiting so successfully.

The Ritz-Carlton Hotel at New York is, as its name implies, the last word in hotel luxury in America. Many of the most popular features of the Ritz and Carlton hotels have been adopted, including even the Palm Court.

EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL.

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